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January. H. R. H., the Princess of Wales; the Bikanir Palace; Her Royal Highness at Lahore; H. E. Lord Ampthill; H. E. Lady Ampthill; Mrs. Carpenter; Dr. Anandibai Joshi; Sita; Catharine de Medicis; Two Pretty Scenes in India.

February. Monna Vanna; Photo of the Royal Party at Lahore; T. E. Lord and Lady Minto; Gabrielle D'Estrees and Henri IV; "Shahinda"; Part of the Procession at Madras escorting the Royal Party from the Harbour; The Foundation stone-laying ceremony of the Victoria Memorial Hall.

March. Poona; "Modesty;" "Vanity;" Two Brahmin Lady Graduates; Mrs. Ali Akbar; Miss Saada.

May. "Hope"; Sakuntala and Menaka; Madame de Maintenon; View from the Pier, Pondicherry; Dupleix Statue, Pondicherry.

June. Dr. Satthinadhan; Srinagar; Louis XV; Victoria School, Lahore; Vasantasena; Sarasvati.

SITA IN THE FOREST.

(One of Mr. Ravi Varma's pictures.)

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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PRAYER.

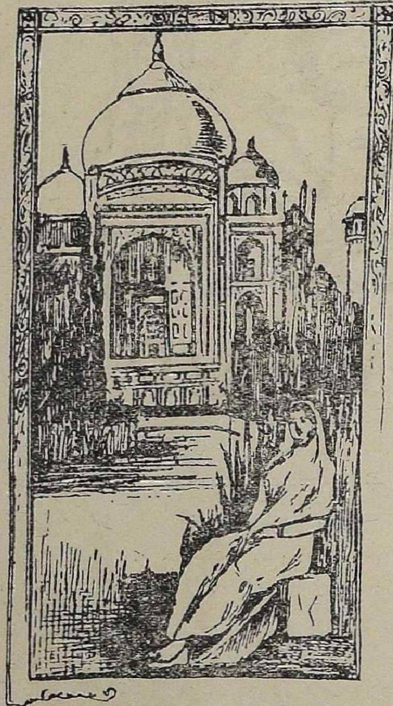
"Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear—
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near."

"Easily may faith admit, that all
The good, which we enjoy, from heaven descends;
But that from us aught should ascend to heaven
So prevalent as to concern the mind
Of God high-blessed, or to incline His Will—
Hard to belief may seem: yet this will Prayer,
Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne
Ev'n to the seat of God!"

"If we with earnest effort could succeed
To make our life one long connected Prayer,
As lives of some perhaps have been and are;—
If,—never leaving Thee,—we had no need
Our wandering spirits back again to lead
Into Thy presence, but continued there
Like angels standing on the highest stair
Of the sapphire throne,—this were to pray indeed!
But, if distractions manifold prevail,
And if in this we must confess we fail,
Grant us to keep at least a prompt desire,
Continual readiness for Prayer and Praise—
An altar heaped and waiting to take fire
With the least spark, and leap into a blaze!"

THE LINK OF PRAYER.

A FANCY.



IT was a stormy night. The clouds were black, the heavens thundered, the world lay wrapped in a frightened sleep. Suddenly a star shot athwart the gloom, and the world thought it was but a streak of lightning. But lo! the star rested on the top of a mountain, and the star changed its shape and grew into a beauteous form—the form of a slender youth with long flowing hair and open sweet face. The youth stood as if petrified, looking out on the gloomy scene before him. His eyes were sad, frightened, but glowed with a strange inner light, an intense spiritual glow. Suddenly he covered his face and wept aloud. "Why! O why did I come here?" he wailed. And, as if in answer to him, a sound was heard as of the rushing of pinions through the air, and a form as beautiful as his, stood by the youth and laid a protecting hand on his arm. It was an angel with radiant face and outspread wings.

"What is the matter with thee, my youth?" the angel asked.

"I am a soul about to be born into a new world," the youth answered. "I came here, choosing this as my resting place, and behold, I am lost!"

"You are not lost," said the angel, "Look there." High above the valley rose the reek of a suffering world, the agony of millions of souls doomed to grief and suffering in an unresponsive sphere. The gloom was intense, cries and groans filled the air. But here and there, like stars in the black night, rose thin threads of light mingling into the gloom, but serving ever so little to lighten it.

"You see," said the angel. "You see how there is a little light in every night. I am the angel of the world, and I am ever on the watch for such as you. Come, I shall show you where those threads of light come from."

Hand in hand, they went down into the world, and the world knew it not. They passed through places of darkness and misery, they threaded their way through streets of evil and sin. And in a most evil place, they saw a crowd of ruffians with sneering faces gathered round a central figure, the figure of a man praying. And from this man, unseen to those around, but visible to the angels, there rose a glow of light, piercing above to the darkness overhead.

"That is one ray of light," said the angel. "There are many such."

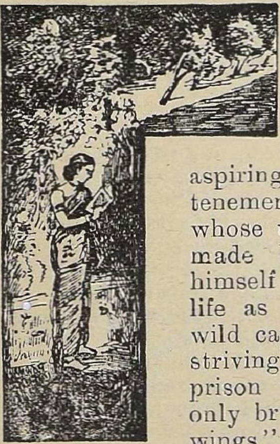
Again they went back to the mountain, and behold a new scene! The intense gloom was there, the threads of light were there, but they were all joined together now, and passing through and around the gloom--a framework of light—they mingled above in a radiant glow, rising in new waves of brightness to the unseen heavens.

"Do you see?" asked the angel? "Souls must be born into the world, souls must suffer. But it is the privilege also of some souls to be like leaven in the lump, to keep a pure heart through all sin and thus to lighten the world's misery. And the secret of their influence is Prayer.

Be you one of such, for

"What are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

Shelley's Alastor or The Spirit of Solitude.



THE charm of Shelley's poetry lies in the fact that it is an outpouring of himself, one who is a type of a beautiful aspiring soul imprisoned in a tenement of clinging cloy, one whose untamable genius ever made him struggle to free himself from the trammels of life as he found it, like the wild captive bird desperately striving to break through the prison walls of its cage, but only bruising his "luminous wings" against the iron bars of shams and fictions erected by society, tradition and custom. To him life was intensely real; existence was a mystery and life a problem. There was always present in him an aspiration after something higher and nobler than the best the world could give. He seems to be always on the search for the heart of things, for Truth in its essence, which is invariably beautiful. Shelley's passionate search after Beauty, for truth and for purity make his poems *Spirituelle* as it were. As we read the outpourings of his earnest soul, tremulous with lyrical vibrations, we seem to hear the rush of angel's wings and the far-off echo of celestial music.

Shelley was essentially a lover of Beauty in its truest sense; nature in all her varying moods strongly appealed to him and stirred the depths of his intense soul. But, in his poems, even in the brightest and gayest, there is always in the background a shadow of a vague indescribable longing, which, as we read, communicates itself to us and seems to clutch at our heart strings and makes us dream sweet sad dreams. He has before him a perfect ideal of loveliness and much of his disappointment and soul weariness results from the fact that he sought through the universe for a physical embodiment of this ideal. 'Alastor' and 'Epipsychidion' are examples of this mistake; but in the Hymn to Intellectual Beauty he rises higher to higher things, and realises that a mortal incarnation of this ideal is impossible. But he discovered this only with the "years that bring the philosophic mind."

"Alastor" was the first serious poem that Shelley published. It was written soon after he had passed through an unhappy period of his life, the separation from Harriet. His health also was failing. In fact Mrs. Shelley affirms that he wrote this poem under the expectation of speedy death. At this time then anguish of mind and body had become intense. In 'Alastor' we read of his unutterable longing for that sympathy which only a soul out of his soul could give. The shadow of society had fallen on him, and he leaves it and flees to nature for solitude and consolation. Even here is no rest or peace.

'Alastor' is the Greek name for a vicious demon driving its victim into desert places. Shelley appropriately chose it for the title of a poem which describes the "Nemesis of solitary souls." The poem represents a high minded youth of pure feelings and pure aspirations led forth by an imagination that seeks for the noblest ideas in the contemplation of the universe. The beauty of Nature in all her array of bewildering moods sinks into his very soul. His thirst for knowledge is insatiable. Whole-hearted and happy, he leads a bright and joyous life. But suddenly a vision of wondrous loveliness appears to him. In her he sees one who has combined in herself all the highest ideals that he had hoped for and sought after. The man-nature in him awakes in all its force and craves for sympathy, for companionship with an Intelligence like to himself. But, alas for him, the vision passes away, leaving him in the depths of despair and gloom. Nature is beautiful no more. Philosophy is vain, and knowledge is powerless to rouse him from his heart-sorrow. After this, it is one vain weary search for this elusive perfect Being. Disappointment blasts his bright career. Sorrow and longing send him to an untimely grave.

The poem abounds in sublime descriptions of Nature. Previous to writing 'Alastor', Shelly had been touring in Switzerland, Wales, Devonshire and he had just settled in the Windsor Forest. The mountain glories of the Alps the soothing charm of English country scenery, the beautiful woodland glades and oak groves of the Windsor Forest were the sources of his inspiration, and he reproduces them for us in passionate language of blended music and majesty. It is pleasing to notice that Shelley always sets forth his beautiful thoughts in exquisite language, thrilling with melody, majesty and sweetness. Perhaps he felt it a sacrilege to clothe his high ideals in ordinary language.

The poem opens with an invocation to the elements, 'Earth, ocean, air', with whom the poet claims "beloved brotherhood," by reason of his passionate love for nature, of his rapturous delight in the seasons, and of his kindness to "bright bird, insect or gentle beast." He invokes the favour of "the mother of this unfathomable world," whose various moods he has watched with jealous devotion and whose deep

secrets he has sought to charm from her, and,

> Though ne'er yet
> Thou hast unveiled thy inmost sanctuary,
> Enough from incommunicable dream,
> And twilight phantasms and deep noonday thought,
> Has shone within me, that serenely now,
> And moveless as a long-forgotten lyre,
> Suspended in the solitary dome
> Of some mysterious and deserted fane,
> I wait thy breath, Great Parent, that my strain
> May modulate with murmurs of the air,
> And motions of the forests and the sea,
> And voice of living beings, and woven hymns
> Of night and day, and the deep heart of man."

The prelude is over. He comes to his theme. He is about to tell us of a poet, 'a lovely youth,' but one who lived, died and sung in solitude. An untimely death, a nameless grave were his portion, and even, "Silence, too enamoured of that voice, locks its mute music in her rugged cell."

This youth is essentially a child of nature. His infancy was nurtured by "solemn vision and bright silver dream." 'Divine philosophy' taught him wonderful things and he felt and knew all that the sacred treasured past could teach him. He seems one in whom the wind, the sea and air have left their stamp. He is one who has dedicated himself to high ideals, whose native thoughts and ambitions are as pure and crystal clear as the water fresh from the fountain head. His search for strange truths drives him from his "cold fireside and alienated home." His wanderings lead him into strange places, into dark and rugged caves, into the land of the red volcano and burning smoke and into fields of snow and ice. The softer beauties of nature charm him as well. We read of him lingering lovingly,

> "In lonesome Vales, making the wild his home,
> Until the doves and squirrels would partake
> From his innocuous hand his bloodless food,
> Lured by the gentle meaning of his looks,
> And the wild antelope, that starts whene'er
> The dry leaf rustles in the brake, suspends
> Her timid steps, to gaze upon a form
> More graceful than her own."

Not only does he dwell on the magnificent beauty of living nature, but "the memorials of the world's youth" have a strange fascination for him and he broods long and carefully over them till his mind penetrates "the thrilling secrets of the birth of time. Athens, Tyre, Jerusalem, 'the fallen towers of Babylon,' the eternal pyramids of Memphis and Thebes," "Dark Ethiopia"—all these had been visited by him. Still, his knowledge is insatiable and his soul unweary. Lonely, thus he wanders on, but not unhappy, for the external world around him is an ever varying source of wonder and delight.

But, alas for human happiness, it is transient. The period of affliction for the poet is at hand, though it comes in so sweet a form, that by its very sweetness, it kills. One night, while reposing in the lovely vale of Cachemire, beneath 'odorous plant' and besides 'sparkling rivulets,' he dreams a dream. He sees a vision, a vision of wonderful loveliness, sent, as it were, by "the spirit of sweet human love to him who had spurned her choicest gifts."

> "He dreamed a veiled maid
> Sate near him, talking in low solemn tones.
> Her voice was like the voice of his own soul
> Heard in the calm of thought; its music long,
> Like woven sounds of streams and breezes, held
> His inmost sense suspended in its web
> Of many-coloured woof and shifting hues.
> Knowledge and truth and virtue were her theme,
> And lofty hopes of divine liberty,
> Thoughts the most dear to him, and poesy.
> Herself a poet. Soon the solemn mood
> Of her pure mind kindled through all her frame
> A permeating fire: wild numbers then
> She raised, with voice stifled in tremulous sobs
> Subdued by its own pathos: her fair hands
> Were bare alone, sweeping from some strange harp
> Strange symphony, and in their branching veins
> The eloquent blood told an ineffable tale.
> The beating of her heart was heard to fill
> The pauses of her music, and her breath
> Tumultuously accorded with those fits
> Of intermitted song."

The magician's wand has passed over him and he responds quivering to the touch. It is a new experience, something to which he had hitherto been a stranger. Now, his imagination rises up and depicts in her every ideal that the philosopher, the poet, the musician, the artist and the lover can think of. New emotions stir within him. Love took up the harp of his life, and smote the chords waking up thrilling echoes, which were never more to be silenced. But, alas for him, it was only a vision, and now "blackness veiled his dizzy eyes" and the vision passed into nothingness, leaving him only darkness and the night.

Roused by the shock, he awoke to what seemed to him now an unbeautiful world. The sights that rejoiced his heart, the sounds that soothed him to rest only yesternight, "the mystery and majesty of the earth, the joy and the exultation" were to him now meaningless. His happy life was over. The night of ecstasy is followed by a life of despair now; doubt, suffering and longing seized him in their iron clutches. The man nature so long dormant awoke and clamoured for companionship, and the insatiate hope, which the vision had awakened, stung his brain even like despair."

Again, he begins his wanderings, but how different now are the emotions that rage within his soul. Through tangled swamps and precipi-

tous dells, "through night and day, tempest, calm and cloud," he wanders on, pursuing the "bright shadow of that lovely dream." He has become a mere spectre of his former self; "only life and the lustre that consumed it, shone as in a furnace burning secretly from his dark eyes alone," weird, wild eyes which haunted for many a day the men and women he came across in his wild wanderings.

After some time he arrives at the sea-shore and sees a beautiful swan rise on the wing. Here follows an exquisite passage, musically perfect, an address to the bird, in which all the pent up sorrow, despair and longing of his heart seems to find vent in a pathetic outburst:--

"Thou hast a home,
Beautiful bird, thou voyagest to thine home,
Where thy sweet mate will twine her downy neck
With thine, and welcome thy return with eyes
Bright in the lustre of their own fond joy,
And what I am that I should linger here
With voice far sweeter than thy dying notes,
Spirit more vast than thine, frame more attuned
To beauty, wasting these surpassing powers
In the deaf air, to the blind earth, and heaven
That echoes not my thoughts?"

The longing for that "perfect sympathy in an ideal love which the sense of divine beauty stirred in the poet's heart" seems to crush the very life out of him. Hope is dead, his quest seems vain: and he trusts himself to chance and to the kind fates to lead him to his goal. A batterred down little raft is drifting near the shore. He embarks on it and drifts to the sweet will of winds and waves. The lonely voyage of the frail bark on that wind swept sea, the poet's calm unconcern about himself and the raging of the storm is presented to us in a series of pictures fraught with deep emotion. The day is passed in aimless drifting. The description of the evening and night on that wide expanse of waters is very pretty:—

"Evening came on,
The beams of sunset hung their rainbow hues
High 'mid the shifting domes of sheeted spray
That canopied his path o'er the waste deep;
Twilight, ascending slowly from the east,
Entwined in duskier wreaths her braided locks
O'er the fair front and radiant eyes of day;
Night followed, clad with stars."

At midnight he sights the "ethereal cliffs of Caucasus, "whose icy summits shone among the stars like sunlight." The boiling torrent had driven the boat into a rough passage, between jutting rocks and crags, and finally into a cavern, which seemed to pierce to the very base of the Caucasus. The little shallop comes to the edge of a mighty whirlpool, where "the waters circle immeasurably fast," and where the mighty mountains seem to hem it in on every side. But, just as it is hovering on the brink of destruction, hesitating as it were on the extremest curve of the eddy, "a wandering stream of wind" has caught the sail and the boat speeds through a small opening in the rocks to a safe little harbour. It was over. The fierce rush, the mighty struggle with death had passed and the poet is left in a calm haven, where the zephyrs played on the rippling waves and the pretty flowers starred the grassy slopes. Does not this seem to presage the poet's own end? His tempestuous life, tossed hither and thither on the rough waves of doubt and despair, will anchor at last in the calm unruffled waters of silence and death.

The poet now abandons his boat and penetrates into the beautiful woodland glades and groves, the description of which abounds with rare flowers of thought and beauty. In the midst of this enchanting loveliness, the lonely wanderer feels his visionary companion to be very near. He feels an unaccustomed presence near him, and

"A spirit seemed
To stand beside him—clothed in no bright robes
Of shadowy silver or enshrining light,
Borrowed from ought the visible world affords
Of grace, or majesty, or mystery;—
But undulating woods, and silent well,
And rippling rivulet, and evening gloom
Now deepening the dark shades, for speech assuming
Held communion with him, as if he and it
Were all that was."

Anon, his steps lead him beside a winding rivulet, and, as he follows its course, he likens it to his own life. At first the stream flows rippling and dancing over polished stones through grassy banks, thus echoing, as it were, the careless laughter of happy childhood and gay youth. Later on, the scenery changes, the bright flowers, "the beautiful shade of green groves with all their odorous winds and musical motions" disappear, and the river runs through gray rocks and rugged slopes—thus presaging the bleakness and barrenness of wintry age. Finally, the poet reaches the end of the stream, which, now swollen into a broad torrent empties itself into a yawning precipice, into an "immeasurable void, scattering its waters to the passing wind." At the edge of the gray precipice he spies "a silent nook":—

"Even on the edge of that vast mountain,
Upheld by knotty roots and fallen rocks,
It overlooked in its serenity
The dark earth and the bending vault of stars.
It was a tranquil spot, that seemed to smile
Even in the lap of horror. Ivy clasped
The fissured stones with its entwining arms,
And did embower with leaves for ever green
And berries dark, the smooth and even space
Of its inviolated floor..............................

• • • •

'Tis the haunt
Of every gentle wind, whose breath can teach
The wilds to love tranquillity."

Utterly exhausted both in mind and body, the poet lays him down to rest in this quiet, secluded spot. He has a presentiment that at last the limit of his wanderings has been reached, and strangely enough, it is true—death is very near. Once more nature regains her sway over him. The quiet hush around seems to soothe and tranquilize him. Now, images of his past life crowd upon his dying brain. The happiness of his early life, the sights he had seen, the regions he had penetrated, the knowledge he had garnered,—all pass in review before his questioning soul. But he is at peace now. No more for him the sickening anguish of mind. Hope and despair, his torturers have at last released him. No more mortal pain or fear. He lay in a state of dreamy langour calmly awaiting his end; and with the setting of the "great moon," as Shelley exquisitely puts it,

"The Poet's blood
That ever beat in mystic sympathy
With nature's ebb and flow, grew feebler still,"

and as the last ray dipped behind the horizon life passed out of him, and in that lonely spot, where no foot of man but one had ever penetrated, with the music of the wild winds for his funeral dirge, with the pyramid of mouldering leaves for his winding sheet, in nature's fond arms was left

"that wondrous frame—
No sense, no motion, no divinity—
A fragile lute, on whose harmonious strings
The breath of heaven did wander—a bright stream
Once fed with many-voiced waves—a dream
Of youth, which night and time have quenched for ever."

The ending of this bright life, the blasting of a career so full of the promise of youth, reminds us of Shelley's own untimely death: and, "if a final word were needed to utter the unutterable sense of waste excited in us by Shelley's premature absorption into the mystery of the unknown, we might," as a critic says, "find it in the last lines of his own Alastor":—

"Art and eloquence,
And all the shows o' the world are frail and vain
To weep a loss that turns their light to shade.
It is a woe too 'deep for tears,' when all
Is reft at once, when some suspassing spirit,
Whose light adorned the world around it, leaves
Those who remain behind, nor sobs nor groans,
The passionate tumult of a clinging hope:
But pale despair and cold tranquillity,
Nature's vast frame, the web of human things,
Birth and the grave, that are not as they were."

HANNAH KRISHNAMMA.

Woman as a Wage-Earner.

It is an acknowledged and almost universal fact, that Woman ranks lower than Man, as a Wage-Earner. Even, when the powers she puts into her work, and the amount she achieves, equals, or even surpasses his, the result is always the same—she expects and meekly accepts a lower remuneration. What is the reason of this strange anomaly? There is more than one reason, as the perusal of this paper will show.

In the first place, women, as has been shown by statistics and experience, are not so capable, either physically or mentally as men. They are more inefficient than men, in muscle, and very often in mind. This does not mean that they are mentally inferior all round, but only in the attitude of their minds towards daily bread work. They look up to it, not down at it. They clutch at instead of grasping it. Their whole relation to work is different from a man's relation. If they take it seriously, it is apt to absorb their individuality and sap their powers for anything else, and, if they do not take it seriously, they are apt to neglect it sadly, and are thus at a greater disadvantage than ever in the competition with men. A man can take his work seriously and yet let it be an adjunct as it were to his life. It need not be the sap and spring, the why and wherefore of his existence. It holds an important, perhaps the most important, position in his life, *but it is not the whole of his life.* With a woman it is different! her work must either fill the whole of her life, be her all-in-all, to which everything irrelevant must give way, so it is looked upon merely as a means of supporting herself until she marries. In both attitudes and partly, because of these attitudes she is more inefficient than man. She either overdoes it, or underdoes her part in life as a worker. Then again woman's physical strength is inferior to man's. A little extra pressure tells upon her at once; she faints and gives way where a man would hardly feel the extra strain. This is a great deterrent in the struggle for exist-

ence. Women are still further handicapped by the fact that they seem almost totally devoid of organising power, through which they might attest their rights or claim new privileges. They cannot combine, or strike or help themselves by following Trade-unions or guilds. A leader amongst men is not common; amongst women, it is an anomaly.

She is still further checked in her career, because of the dual life that she (as a working woman) is compelled to lead. She is not her own mistress. The home life mostly runs parallel to the working life, and makes a thousand claims upon her energies and time, when she ought really to be resting. When man returns to his home after his day's work, the household continues to smooth his path, he is invited to feed and rest, and nothing is expected from him, but no such lot falls to the unmarried working woman living at home. She is still expected to take her share of the duties, responsibilities, cares and anxieties of the home, and she accepts the burden without protest, no other possibility having occurred to her; but it tells upon her powers as a wage-earner.

But the chief cause perhaps of the low level of women's wages is one that I have already pointed at. In most women's minds, there is a vague consciousness—or perhaps—belief—is a better word, that their work is to fill but a limited portion of their lives, that soon, there will come a time when they need work no more, but will look to a husband to procure them their daily bread. This instinct, inherent certainly in the majority of women, acts as a perpetual barrier in their struggle towards economic liberty, and in their efforts to raise the standard of their wage-earning power in the eyes of the employer, for, the strongest incentive to work, that of self-preservation—is wanting! The best work is done with a view to future happiness. Is not the Chinese, out of his own country, the most industrious worker in the world? And his labour is prompted only by an intense desire to end his days in his native land, whereas women's work is merely "Pour passer le temps," to live in the present, not to solve the problem of the future.

The reason of the lower level of women's wages therefore, is because of their economic social position in the eyes of the world, and, until they emancipate themselves, their wage-earning power must remain inferior to that of men. At present we are in the midst of a slow and mighty movement amongst women, by which they are trying to alter the position which tradition and custom have assigned to them in the economic world. The process, like all great movements is slow, and we cannot see its future, only watch it in passing, and guess vaguely at its end.

M. C. SIDGWICK.

Around a Distant Star.

BOOK II.—CHILDREN OF SPACE.

BY JEAN DELAIRE,

Author of "Alsatian Tales," "A Dream of Fame," etc.

CHAPTERS XIV, XV. & XVI.

[SUMMARY OF BOOK I. AND CHAPS. I—XIII. OF BOOK II. —*Royal Staunton and Clive Delafield were friends at school, and the former was the hero in it, both on account of his intellectual attainments and his high moral character. He was greatly interested in astronomy, and was ever trying to discover something new. They both were staying at Estrella Lodge—in the Isle of Jersey—the home of Roy and his sister, and there they had listened to a clever lecture on the system of double stars by a learned Professor, which had made a great impression on Roy, and filled him with impossible dreams of reaching the stars. After this, Clive goes to Egypt. When, after an absence of two years, he returns, he finds Roy quite changed, unhappily brooding over the misery of human beings, which is brought home to him by the sight and close knowledge of evil and sorrow revealed to him in the slums of London by a friend of his—an atheist, yet a philanthropist. Roy is filled with a desire to do his duty in the redemption of such misery; but, to him, the chief characteristic of whose nature is the need of absolute, mathematical certainty in all things, it seems that the hopelessness of their lives can only be relieved by a certain belief in Christ, by someone saying "I know, I have seen, I believe in Him,"—a faith to be induced by certain sight alone. After this, Clive goes to India. Seven years later, having lost his father, and being disgusted with the second marriage of his mother, he returns to Roy, and finds him on the brink of completing his work, which work however is a secret from almost everyone. But Roy's mother, through the force of her love, has almost guessed the secret, and imparts, what she thinks the nature of it to be, to Clive. In fear and wonder, they await his real revelation. In the meantime, Clive and Roy's sister, Estrella, become engaged to be married. And at last the secret is revealed. Roy had solved the problem of inter-stellar communication by means of Positive and Negative electricity,—positive electricity acting motive power to itself. He had constructed an air-boat, which was to be launched into space by a dynamo with a velocity, which could be graduated from one million to over three million*

miles a second, and with this he hoped to go, not to the planets but to the confines of the Universe. He had also succeeded in inventing a telescope of incomparable magnitude which revealed wonderful aspects of the planetary world. It had not at first been arranged that Clive should go with Roy; but, owing to an unexpected occurrence, this result was eventually arrived at, and it was settled that Clive and Roy should go together on their wonderful journey. And in a final conversation, the supreme object of the wonderful journey is revealed—to go to a planet, the light rays from which would take nineteen hundred years to reach the Earth; so that if one went to this particular planet one would see the Earth as it was nineteen hundred years ago—that is, in the time of Christ. *Roy wishes to assure perfect faith in Christ by the accomplished fact of a certain sight of Him, as He actually appeared in the world. And at last, they start in their air-boat, which they name* The Estrella, *and are launched into the night and silence of infinite space. After a journey of many months they reach their destination, a planet, wonderful like a Fairy land lit by the light of a White Sun. They come across some strange creatures—half human, half ape-like, who flee in terror at the sight of the adventurers. One of the creatures is wounded and is taken to the Estrella to be nursed; and, taught by him, the explorers find some natural vegetable food on the plant. Clive narrowly escapes a terrible danger. Then arrives the great time for them to realize their dream—to view the Earth as it was in the time of Christ. But they are terribly disappointed, for they find that they are in the Northern latitude of the new planet, from which they can see nothing of the Earth. But Roy determines to travel to the Southern latitude. After a serious illness he starts with his companion. They reach their destination after a long and tedious journey. They fix the telescope and the dynamo and at last their efforts are rewarded. They see* the Earth. *And, at last, after a tremor of uncertainty whether or not they are in time for the great tragedy, they see Christ. They see His crucifixion and burial. Then they return to the Northern latitude and find the* Estrella *as they left it.*]

XIV.

We spent a month together, Roy and I, in the Beautiful Valley—a month, for me, of physical rest and mental unrest—until, at last, one morning, we watched, together for the last time, the sun rise in his glory over the distant, snow-clad peaks.

"Next time you see the sun rise," Roy said quietly, "it will be another sun, rising above another planet!"

I did not answer him. My longing to return to Earth had not diminished. Indeed I had often felt of late that any obstacle placed in the way of my going would have unhinged my mind, so famished was I for a sight of all I had left behind me. But, as the moment of departure approached, the thought of leaving Roy—abandoning—seemed at times the truer word, weighed on me like a burden of sin.

At the eve of starting I still half hesitated.

"I cannot bear to leave you here alone, Roy!" I exclaimed when, the last preparations completed, there was nothing to do but wait—and think.

"I shall not be alone," he answered with his quiet smile. "Lalou is with me—and there will be others...You see how already these creatures creep close to us, throbbing with curiosity...I shall make men of them! Think of it, Clive! I shall see what all the thinkers and scientists of Earth would give their right hand to behold. The dawn of humanity, the slow evolution of man from the brute. Look at Lalou! Already he gazes with wonder at the sun and the stars, already, when he lifts his eyes to the heavens, there is a question in them...The next step will be worship—and the monkey will have become a man!"

"And yet, Roy—"

"No," he interrupted firmly, "we will not discuss the obvious, Clive, at least," he added in a lighter tone, "not on this the last day we are together! Since we cannot both return, I must be the one to remain. You will go back to Earth. You will tell them of all the wonders we have seen, and I think I may add, the wonders we have accomplished. You will continue my work, Clive! And when my notes are published, my machines exhibited—in one word, when my discovery is made known to all, why, then distance will no longer exist, and man will pass from world to world almost as easily as the bird flits from branch to branch... You and Estrella, and certainly Lord Vynne, will come, some day, to visit me...By then I shall have taught Lalou, or one of his brothers, to launch the air-boat into space...And then I shall return, with you all, to Earth!"

We were sitting in the open space by the stream, close to the spot where the *Estrella*, brought once more into the horizontal position, stood ready for the long journey across space. The sun had risen above the mountains, shedding his white radiance over the golden valley. To me it seemed at that moment as if my life on Kallistos had been a dream; it seemed as if a mist of curious unreality enveloped all this wondrous world, turning its strange beauty into something dream-like, visionary—a beauty impalpable and but faintly remembered, as of sights seen before birth, visions gazed on with eyes that are not in the flesh.

Roy's voice, calm as ever, awoke me from my reverie.

"No," he was saying meditatively, "I shall not be alone...You know I love this world, this wonderful new world we have discovered...I feel it mine, all mine, as if I were its creator...Alone? Why, Clive alone, when all creation lies as an open book before me?"

"But we left the telescope behind us, in the desert," I murmured, thinking with regret of the beautiful instrument we had been compelled to abandon in the Southern hemisphere.

"Oh, I shall return to the desert," was Roy's prompt answer.

"And remain there?" I exclaimed hastily.

"Not necessarily so. I will take Lalou with me—and some of the others perhaps and we shall be but clumsy creatures, forsooth, if between us we do not manage to bring back the telescope and the dynamo!"

"I wish you would make this valley your home," I said anxiously, "for it does seem to be the planet's garden of Eden!"

"Most probably I shall pitch my tent here—when I have journeyed once more to the desert —for the telescope I *must* have! You know how already on Earth I discovered with it many new worlds, not merely new planets or new stars, but complete universes, planet upon planet, star upon star! Here, where in very truth we see 'a new heaven and a new earth,' I may discover—ah, what may I not discover! Anything, everything, even to the centre of the Universe, that myth, or reality, dreamt of by astronomers and philosophers of all ages."

I smiled at Roy's enthusiasm, so like that of the boy-dreamer of old.

He continued musingly:—

"I hope to perfect my theory of the ever ascending scale of creation—Darwin's law of evolution applied not only to our planet, but to all the planets in infinite space, and embracing the mental, the spiritual, as well as the material development of the Universe."

"You mean—?"

"I mean that unless we deny a Supreme Idea working *in* and *through* Creation, we can hardly refuse to believe that every world is as one note in an upward scale, and the progress of its humanity as a vast crescendo that will continue until the perfect chord—the last Amen—is sung through all the spheres......'Creation,' says Flammarion, 'is an immense ascension of the creatures towards the Creator.' In this slow ascension—slow, for its time is Eternity—every human race must have its place as one step in

'The great world's altar—stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God.'

The idea is not mine—*nil novi sub sole*! The famous German astronomer, Bode, conceived the universe as an infinity of circles, sphere within sphere, wherein every degree, from the centre to the circumference, was a degree of nearer perfection...It has been the dream of astronomers and poets...But so far as absolute knowledge goes, all we know—or rather all we have hitherto known—is that in our solar system we, the Earth, are one of the smallest and most insignificant of worlds. What are we, little planet, compared to the giants of our system—Jupiter, king of the heavens—Saturn with his diadem of luminous rings and his train of satellites? We know that the physical conditions prevailing on our planet are far from perfect; we know, only too well, that our humanity is steeped in sorrow and sin."

"Well," I interposed, "our terrestrial habitation is imperfect, and our humanity is imperfect. Query: Would a perfect, or nearly perfect world, be the dwelling place of a perfect humanity?"

"Ah," Roy replied quickly, "until now we have had no means of answering this question But my telescope reveals these far-away planets, dependencies of other suns, other universes. It brings their humanities within our ken! As you know, I have so far seen but a few of these distant worlds, studied but a few of these alien humanities, but this I may already affirm—that the development of man, physical and intellectual is always parallel with the development of the world he lives in. Only—it is so little I have done as yet! I have studied several planets—and the number of worlds is infinite! But this also I may affirm—that our Earth—indeed all our system—is one of the lowest in the scale of creation—yet not the lowest, no, for I have seen worlds that to us would seem a hell! And I have seen worlds that were like Paradise made visible!"

We were silent for a while, until Roy quoted, slowly those well-known lines of Tennyson:—

"One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves..."

"But is it fair," I asked doubtingly, "is it in accordance with our idea of a Supreme Being that some parts of His creation should be poor, dark, disinherited, while others rejoice in a heritage of light and beauty?"

"Is it fair that on Earth one man should be strong, another weak; one woman beautiful, another plain? To answer one question would be to answer the other. So far no one has answered either, for we only see, we only hold, one link in the Chain of Life. To judge wisely we must see the All—the All whom no mortal eyes have seen. The Hindus have dreamed of it—the 'Higher Pantheism' has proclaimed it—the unity of all life, not merely of all terrestrial, but of all celestial life, the life which binds together the dew-drop and the sun, the flower at our feet with the remotest star in infinite space."

"It is a beautiful dream, but—"

"*Is* it only a dream? We can neither prove nor disprove that this dream is not a splendid reality—that Life, considered as a spiritual essence, breath of the Divine, does not rise from the lowest forms to the highest in the ever-ascending scale of creation—'unconscious in the mineral, conscious in the plant, self-conscious in the animal—God-conscious in the man!'...

A dream? Yes! And is not every truth first born as a dream?...This will be my lifework henceforward. To trace, throughout the limitless universe, this slow patient 'ascension of the creatures towards the Creator.'"

After another moment's silence, he added thoughtfully: "What I do here, you may do in Earth! We can work side by side, Clive, although the Universe lie between us! We can both work at bringing a little light to our dark world!"

I sighed restlessly, as if a burden had been laid on my shoulders which I found too heavy to bear.

"It is so little we can do," I murmured, "so little we ever do, even the best of us! A little work, a little pleasure, a little striving after fame or fortune, a little seeking for friendship or for love—everything is small in our life!"

"Except our dreams," said Roy. "But do you feel discouraged because it is so? Remember that if we *do* little, we *are* little—our world is little, our universe itself is but a little part of Infinity! We are only atoms, but, thank God! atoms who think, and an atom which knows itself an atom is greater than an Infinity that knows not it is infinite."

Roy was silent for a moment, as if in deep thought, then he continued:—"You will tell them all this when you return to Earth, you will describe all these wonders we have discovered—but before all, Clive, you must tell them of the vision that came to us in the desert—you must tell them of the drama of Calvary. It is good, it is necessary for man to know some of the marvels of this Universe he lives in, yet I believe that as long as man is *man* only, as long as he has not risen to higher destinies, the best he can know is that the Ideal Man has lived on Earth and hallowed the world with his footsteps. Indeed, Clive, the deeper I think, the more clearly do I see that it *is* the highest and best that men may know, and if you can make them realise this, if when you tell our story it brings one sinful soul nearer to the One who lived and died sinless, then, Clive, I shall feel my work was not in vain."

I answered nothing, but listened to his words as a disciple might listen to the last message spoken by his Master.

I realised then, as I had perhaps never realised it before, that all the indescribable pagent of the Universe we had witnessed, the fiery multitude of stars, the magnificence of all the planets, abodes of life and intelligence, all were to Roy but as a splendid background to humanity's supreme episode—the drama that had been enacted over nineteen hundred years ago on the little planet Earth.

XV.

Once more I stood in readiness by the *Estrella's* side, waiting for Roy to give the signal to start.

Throughout the day Roy had been so self-possessed and calm that his demeanour had subdued even my own agitation, but at the moment of parting, when I stepped—alone—into the air-boat, and Roy stood at the door, watching me, my courage almost deserted me, and I verily believe I could have sobbed like a woman. How quiet Roy was! How calm! At that moment it seemed as if he were so far removed from frail humanity that its heart-beats and its anguish could not touch him, as if he stood alone on the height, like some colossal statue of a god, impassive, serene.

"Ready?" he asked briefly, and his voice was firm.

I could not answer him, save by an indistinct murmur.

He held out his hand. He looked into my eyes.

"Good-bye."

The door slid on its hinges, shutting me off from the sunshine and the world, and with a wild cry of despair I flung myself against it, shouting vainly: "Roy! Roy!" For in that last glance at his face I had read his soul, and seen the sudden agony that dimmed his eyes.

"Roy!"

Ah, too late! Too late! I sprang to the window. Night and the stars! I was in space, and Kallistos shone in the far distance like a small star in the night.

* * * *

Thus began my second, my solitary journey into space. I was alone, alone in a solitude which no solitude of Earth can give any idea of. Alone without the companionship even of a dog or a cat, of a bird twittering above my head, of the wind among the forest leaves, of the friendly greeting of the sunshine at morn—alone without one sight of a living thing about me!

For months I fought against the demon of despair, but little by little I felt him gaining the mastery, and with the first fear of defeat all my strength welled from me like blood from a wound. I believe I was mad for a time. I forced myself to read, but words had lost their meaning, and I turned page after page with my mind in a trance; then suddenly I would awaken, recollect myself, throw the book from me and leap like a caged beast round and round my prison. Ah, it was a prison so secure that no Grand Inquisitor of old ever devised for his victims so implacable a captivity! I was imprisoned by every law of Nature, a helpless, human atom in the toils of the incomprehensible forces of Creation, and the

eternal night, the eternal silence of space, like unnamable ghosts pressed close against my prison-walls and looked in with haunting, unfathomable eyes. I was broken, like the insect of a day, on the wheel of Eternity.

Sometimes the idea flashed through my brain that it must all be a dream, and I would laugh aloud, and cry, and laugh again. So wonderful a dream! Ah, but so terrible a one! Would it never end? It seemed to have lasted so long, so very long—longer than any dream ever dreamed by man. God! Would I never wake?

At times I was mad, and those intervals of madness were to me as welcome as sleep, for they meant momentary forgetfulness, and I knew no other rest in those days. Stupor and despair—the semi-unconsciousness of stupor, the wild agitation of despair—in this strange world that was no world, in the ever-dark, ever-silent, ever-empty spaces where there was no day and no night, this was my only division of time. I awoke to unnamable horrors, and it was day. I sank into a dreamless trance, and it was night. Stupor alternating with despair! It is all I can remember of these last days. Gradually the despair lessened—stupor became my normal condition. I ceased to make even the mechanical effort of stretching out my hand for food. The light of the electric lamp seemed to grow dim and ever dimmer and—I remember nothing more.

* * * *

When I awoke to semi-conscious life, before my eyes were opened to the twilight of a winter's evening, my first distinct impression was that of sound—sound low, soft, monotonous, like human voices uplifted in prayer. Human voices! A new life stirred in me at the thought. Though my soul was still in the tangle of half-remembered dreams, yet I knew it was a long, a very long time, since a human voice had greeted me, since a human hand had clasped my own.

Eagerly I looked about me, eagerly I listened. The murmurous noise grew louder: I distinguished words, but they conveyed no meaning to my senses.

Little by little, as my eyes grew familiar with the semi-obscurity, I saw myself in a small, square room partly lit by a faint glow in the room itself, partly by the last glimmer of twilight entering through the uncurtained window.

With an effort I turned towards the inner light. At the farthest end of the room, on the walls of bare, rough wood, everywhere else undecorated, three pictures in vivid colours stood out in clear relief against the surrounding gloom.

The central and largest one represented a woman with a little child in her arms; and both the woman and the child wore a crown of glory. In front of the pictures a small lamp burnt with a steady flame.

I know not what fragments of thought, what broken memories thrilled within me at this sight. A mist rose before my eyes, and for a moment darkness again closed around me.

When I looked once more towards the light, I saw that I was not alone. The dark shapes, almost hidden in the shadow of the lamp, were kneeling before the pictures.

Human creatures in worship! The dimness that still hung over my mind was torn like clouds by a lightning flash. I understood. I remembered.

Involuntarily I glanced towards the window. Night had fallen and through the small blurred panes the stars shone radiantly. As I met their clear cold stare,

> "Watching, with eternal lids apart,
> Like Nature's patient sleepless Eremite."

I trembled in sudden fear, as if they were beckoning me, irresistibly, to the eternal, silent spaces I had left.

Thank God! I was on Earth again! Bruised and wounded, like a bird that has wandered too far for the strength of its wings, I had come home at last, and, with a song of thanks-giving rising in my heart, I turned my eyes from the dazzling brilliance of the heavens to the little lamp that burnt before the image of the Madonna and Child.

XVI.

It took me some time to discover that the *Estrella* had fallen close to the Siberian frontier, some seven miles to the north-east of Ekaterinburg, in the province of Perm.

When the man and the woman rose from their evening devotions before the sacred images, and saw me staring at them with wide-open eyes, their first movement seemed a continuation of their prayer, for with joy in their rugged faces they crossed themselves devoutly. The woman came close to me and pointed to the Madonna on the wall with a flow of rapid language, probably explaining that from the Beloved Mother had come my deliverance. The man nodded gravely and in his turn spoke a few words which to me were equally unintelligible.

I smiled and said: "I am English. I do not understand Russian." For their dwelling, their costume, their features, no less than their prostrations before the holy Icon, revealed them as Muscovite peasants.

There was a moment's silence, during which the two old people looked at me attentively, as if hoping my face would somehow betray my

meaning; then they conversed with each other in low tones—a useless precaution—after which the man came to my bedside and gravely offered his hand. I took it with some surprise, and he shook it in a hearty clasp, muttering something the while in a solemn tone. Only later on, when I had become more familiar with Russian peasant life, did I learn how the mujick welcomes his guest with the perfect hospitality of the man who has little, and offers his little with good grace, sharing with the needy wanderer his barley bread and his salt, saying, in answer to all thanks: "The stranger is the one whom God sends."

The old man stood before me in silence for some minutes, then he spoke the one word: "Dmitri," and turning towards the woman he added: "Marfa."

I understood the simple introduction, and in my turn gave my name. *Delafield* was beyond them, but *Clive* seemed intelligible, and first the man and then the woman repeated it with a smile of approval. This elementary rite of all social intercourse once accomplished, they both retired to the farther end of the room where the man sat gazing abstractedly into the red-hot stove, and the woman busied herself with preparations for the evening meal.

Left to myself, I looked in turn at the room and at my hosts with eyes half closed and thoughts sometimes near, sometimes far away from the little isba* on the Russian steppe. Both man and wife looked to their finger tips what in France one calls *de brave gens*; the man with his rough-hewn features, his long, unkempt beard and hair, his slow, awkward movements, was a typical figure of the Russian peasant—that cross between the patriarch and the serf. His broad shoulders had the stoop which comes of long centuries of servitude, of bending over the soil, and under the master's hand, and in his eyes was the patient look of the men who do not think—only feel. She also—Marfa, his wife—was a typical peasant woman, sturdy, strong limbed and masculine, as women become when they do the work of men and till the soil by their side during the best years of their life. And there was about both an air of simple dignity that was a welcome in itself.

So far I knew nothing of my present position, save that I had fallen in the hands of people who were hospitable and poor; but, strange to say, I cared little where or with whom I was, for I knew myself once more on Earth, and the knowledge made me glad. I was still too weak either to desire exertion or to trouble about the morrow. The room was warm, and the low voices of the mujick and his wife made a soft undertone to the glad tidings that rang in my head.

With a sigh of utter contentment I closed my eyes and fell into a dreamless sleep.

A cheery voice awoke me the next morning, just as a shaft of pale wintry sun made its way into the room. A stranger was bending over me—a blue-eyed giant covered from head to foot in snow and furs, with straw-coloured hair and a good-humoured face as red as an autumn berry—a vision of Santa Claus in the days of his youth—and the sight which the half-opened door revealed, of a waiting sledge outside, added the last touch to the resemblance.

His first words to me were in Russian, consequently unintelligible.

I shook my head with a smile.

"I am an Englishman. Don't you speak English?

It was his turn to express a silent, but regretful denial, and for some moments we looked at each other in smiling embarrassment.

The situation might have become somewhat ridiculous, had I not remembered that all educated Russians speak French, and French I knew tolerably well.

"*Parlez-vous francais*?" I queried in the orthodox exercise-book manner. But, alas, the blond giant knitted his brow, and with an accent infinitely worse than my own, stammered: "*Oh, non-pas-presque pas...*"

As a last resource I hazarded: "*Sprechen Sie Deutsch?*" And to my great delight his face expanded in a broad smile as he readily answered: "*Ya, gewiss, ya, Deutsch sprech Ich wohl!*"

And so—in the language of Goethe, Schiller and Heine—the stranger told me what I had already guessed, namely, that he was the doctor fetched in all haste by the mujick and his wife, some days back, to mend the badly-broken intruder who had so unceremoniously fallen into their midst. If I plied him with eager questions as to the time and manner of my descent, may be easily imagined, but my curiosity was only satisfied when many long German words had been repeated, many heavy periods made lighter for my comprehension.

For the doctor, who had studied at the Ulm University, spoke German with appalling fluency, and so rapidly whenever he became excited that I was left to hobble lamely after him in a vain endeavour to follow. At last, however, out of the long maze of winding sentences, I disentangled the naked truth, and with outward gravity and inward merriment I heard the wonderful story of the military balloon, which, after the first experiments made on the shores of Lake Constance, had suddenly broken from its bonds and after a wild flight over Europe had fallen in this remote part of Eastern Russia.

* A small house built entirely of wood.

"You can imagine," the good doctor continued with evident enjoyment of his own narrative," the dismay of our peasantry when, last Monday at noon, you and your air-ship fell on the outskirts of the village! Some thought it was a new form of infernal machine, a gigantic bomb invented by the Nihilists for the swift destruction of the empire; but the majority inclined to the belief that it must be a fearful sign from Heaven to announce the end of the world. Had it not been for me, who had followed with the greatest interest the career of this new military balloon, and immediately recognised it from the descriptions I had read, you might have been left to perish inside it before anyone would have dared to meddle with the monster! Ah, but our peasants are so credulous! And'—my young Santa Claus prudently lowered his voice—'if I were to tell you the difficulties raised by our Governor—I mean the Governor of Ekaterinburg—before he would allow the workmen to break open the balloon and so release you from your captivity—why, the worshipful Governor himself was persuaded at first that we had to deal with some kind or other of infernal machine! And'—here his voice dropped quite to a whisper—'it was just 'touch and go' with him, whether you were lodged that night in our military prison or in the house of these good people who have taken such kindly care of you!"

"Indeed!" I said as calmly as I could, and meditated over this new form of welcome which Mother Earth had been so near bestowing on her long-lost son.

Thus, little by little, I was told where I was, and with whom, and how many days had gone by since I had dropped from the clouds, and the strange manner of my coming—in short, I learnt all that happened, and all that might have happened to me on my return from my celestial journey.

Undoubtedly the least welcome item in the budget of news which my doctor so willingly detailed, was that I must not dream of a removal before another six weeks at least, since in my fall, or rather in the fall of my air-boat, I had not only fractured my knee, but slightly injured my spine, and rest was an absolute necessity.

"But we can make you quite comfortable here," my new friend added cheerfully, "and bye and bye you could be removed to my house —in Ekaterinburg—on a stretcher. And if your friends do not live too far from here, why, one or the other could come for a while to keep you company—and so the time would not seem so long, would it?"

I thought of one whose presence would have shortened the longest captivity, and I felt the blood surge to my face, as I answered: "There is only one whom I should care to see—and to this one I will write."

. . . .

Ah, the gladness, the joy of sledge-bells on a clear winter's day! Has anyone heard them and not loved the sound for ever after? Across the great white plains they came, nearer, ever nearer, as the horses leapt silently over the frozen snow, and the silvery bells rang a joyful chime in the great stillness of the steppe. Nearer, ever nearer, until the sound ended in a last triumphant peal, and Estrella, my Estrella entered the room, followed by Lord Vynne, and ran into my arms.

From that day my recovery was rapid, and soon, sooner than the doctor had hoped or predicted, I was able to sit at table with Estrella and my good friends the mujick and his wife. For, in spite of the doctor's proffered hospitality, I had elected to remain with the kindly old people who had given me so cordial a welcome and continued to treat me with every mark of consideration and good-will.

With the usual open-hearted Russian hospitality, Estrella had been made welcome in another *isba* of the village—if village the few scattered huts could be called—and every morning she came with the sun, bringing a breath of the snowy, wind-swept plains into the close room where my days and nights were spent. But the time came when I was allowed to take my first glimpse of the outside world, and wrapped from head to foot in a warm *dakha*, enjoy a short drive in the doctor's sledge with Estrella—my head nurse, as she liked to be called—by my side. And so day by day the drives were lengthened, until one morning at sunrise, with many parting benedictions from the mujick and his wife, for the last time we left behind us the doors of the hospitable *isba*.

Conclusion.

A year has passed since then, and Estrella is my wife. We live in the old Jersey home, and Mrs. Staunton bravely tries to be happy in our happiness, and not to think daily, hourly, of the son who is lost in the fathomless spaces of Creation.

As for Estrella and myself, we continue Roy's work, helped by Lord Vynne, who is even now preparing an expedition to one of the planets of our nearest star, Alpha Centauri. If this expedition is successful, then, and then only, will he attempt to follow Roy to the confines of the Universe.

The world knows now of his wonderful discovery. Lord Vynne has published his notes and the models of his machinery, and now that this work of mine is completed—this most imperfect, most incomplete record of our marvel-

lous journey—I hope to bring out other books less unworthy, perhaps, of the great genious who has inspired them, books dealing with our many scientific discoveries, and describing the new worlds we have discovered, the new and strange humanities we have studied from our landing-stage in the infinite spaces.

I dreamt of myself once as a writer of fiction! But, since Roy has entered my life, or rather since his influence has become predominant, I have learnt something of the wonders and mysteries of Nature, and know that the wildest flights of man's imagination fall short of the unimaginable marvels of Real Life. Henceforth this will be my life's work to tell the world of these wonders I have seen: worlds where there is no night, and worlds where there is no day, worlds basking in the perpetual radiance of several suns, and worlds sleeping in the icy deserts of space, where no light and no warmth can penetrate—humanities in every shape that the mind can conceive, and in shapes that no earthly imagination could ever create—seraph forms and forms of monsters, giants and dwarfs, winged humanities and humanities that crawl—the clothing of the Eternal Idea in the manifold garment of Life.

This will be my task—the task which Roy has pointed out—to bring, if I can, one glimpse of these wonders to the minds of men and women of this Earth, men and women who too often live their little round of life without one thought for the splendours that encompass them like a veil of glory—the splendours of the visible world that are as a foreshadowing and a promise of the splendours of the Invisible.

In this my life's task, Estrella will be my helpmate, as she was the helpmate of Roy, and together we shall strive, as Roy once said, to bring a little light to our dark world.

Where there is work cheerfully done, and the workers love one another—is there not Heaven on Earth?

" Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
Yet not for power (power of herself)
Would come uncalled for, but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear;
And because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom, in the scorn of consequence."

Female Education in Travancore.

THE educational policy of the Travancore Government has, for the last twenty five years and more, been of the most liberal character. They have, during that period, established hundreds of schools for boys and girls in different parts of the country; and have also liberally supported the numerous private institutions that have come into existence in recent years. As a result of their policy, the state now contains a greater percentage of literates both among its male and female population, than that obtained in any other Native State in India. Though this reflects the greatest credit on the Government, we are, on this occasion, forced to dwell on certain defects in their educational system which, if not timely removed, are sure to retard the progress of education in the state. In doing so, we shall, for the present, deal only with the system of female education prevailing in the country. Among the chief defects of that system, there are four which call for special consideration on our part. In the first place, the present arrangement, whereby the inspection of Girls' Schools and Boys' Schools is conducted by the very same officers, has indirectly proved harmful to the spread of female education in the state. The appointment of two or three Inspectresses of schools is sure to produce far-reaching results in the management of Girls' Schools and is certain to do away with the existing objections, on the part of very many respectable ladies, to go out as teachers in those schools. Secondly, owing to the limited number of female teachers available in the whole state, a large number of male teachers have been employed in the Girls' Schools with, we are sorry to say, not very desirable results in the most cases. Unless and until the present deficiency in the number of female teachers is somehow made up, female education can never be expected to make any steady progress among the people. In the next place, the low salary generally given to female teachers has stood in the way of many a qualified

and respectable lady, who would otherwise have willingly gone forth as a teacher to any part of the country. The short sighted policy of the Government in this connection has hitherto been mainly responsible for the insufficiency of qualified lady teachers in the state. At present, a school-mistress's pay is generally so small that she is forced to literally lead a hand-to-mouth existence throughout her career. This is the case even while she is employed in her native place; and so we can imagine more or less the nature of the many difficulties she will be put to, in case her services were required in outside places. A general increase in the pay of female teachers is sure to raise the tone of the service, by bringing into it a large number of ladies of education and social standing. Lastly, the absence of proper training schools for female teachers is also a great drawback in the present system of female education in Travancore. In the whole state, there is only one training school at Trivandram. It cannot be expected that, in the present state of the Malayali Society, the parents and guardians of the young girls would send them away to a far off place for educational purposes. It therefore behoves the Government to establish a certain number of Training Schools in the various centres of the country, and to induce the people, by all possible means, to send out their children to those schools to be trained as teachers of their sisters.

We trust that Mr. V. P. Madhava Rao, the present Dewan of the state, will take note of our suggestions, and will, by acting on them, give a fresh impetus to the cause of female education in the country.

A. G. MENON.

Cervantes' Don Quixote.

IN this paper we propose, not to give the life of Cervantes, but to notice some points in regard to the composition and publication of his great work, *Don Quixote*, a work, which, from its world wide and long established popularity, may be said to constitute part of the literature, not merely of Spain, but of every country in Europe.

The outline of many a broad caricature was furnished to the comic writers of Spain by the whimsical contrast of pride and poverty in the natives, and Cervantes found the geography of his Don Quixote in La Mancha, where we find him amidst the disastrous and stormy scenes of the iron trade of war. In the course of his chequered career he visited all the principal countries in the Mediterranean and passed five years in melancholy captivity at Algiers. The time was not lost, but furnished his keen eye with those vivid pictures of Moslem luxury and magnificence with which he enriched his pages.

The first part of the *Quixote*, given to the public in the year 1605, was begun, the author tells us, in a prison to which he had been brought by some offences to the worthy people of La Mancha. When the time arrived for launching his satire against the old deep-rooted prejudices of his countrymen, Cervantes regarded it, as well he might, as much more rash than his own "hero's tilt against the windmills." Accordingly, he sought to shield himself under the cover of a powerful name, and begged leave to dedicate the book to a Castilian grandee, the Duke de Bejar. The duke it is said, whether ignorant of the design, or doubting the success of the work, would have declined, but Cervantes urged him first to peruse a single chapter. The audience summoned to sit in judgment were so delighted with the first few pages, that they would not abandon the novel till they had heard the whole of it. The duke, of course, without further hesitation, condescended to allow his name in "this passport to immortality." This work produced an instantaneous effect on the Spanish community. The note struck by him found an echo in every heart. In the course of the first year of its publication, four editions were published, two at Madrid, one in Valencia and one at Lisbon.

That the book found its way speedily into the very highest circle in the kingdom is evident from the well-known explanation of Philip the Third, when he saw a student laughing immoderately over some volume: "The man must be either out of his wits, or reading *Don quixote*." In spite of all this, the author was shown none of the sunshine of royal favour which would have been so grateful in his necessities.

In the year 1615, in a Comedy by Cervantes, the public was informed that "Don Quixote was already booted," and preparing for another sally. It may seem strange that the author considering the great popularity of his hero had not sent him on his adventures before. "But he had probably regarded them as already terminated; and he had good reason to do so, since every incident in the first part, as it has been styled only since the publication of the second, is complete in itself, and Don Quixote, although not actually killed on the stage, is noticed as dead, as his epitaph transcribed for the reader shows." However this may be, the immediate execution

of his purpose, delayed so long, was precipitated by an event equally unwelcome and unexpected. This was the continuation of his work by another hand.

"The author's name, his *Nom de querre* was Avellaneda, a native of Tordesillas. Adopting the original idea of Cervantes, he goes forward with the same characters, through similar scenes of comic extravagance, in the course of which he perpetrates sundry plagiarisms from the first part, and has some incidents so much resembling those in the second part, already written by Cervantes, that it has been supposed he must have had access to his manuscript. It is more probably, as the resemblance is but general, that he obtained the knowledge through hints, which might have fallen in conversation from Cervantes, in the progress of his own work. The spurious continuation had some little merit, and attracted, probably, some interest as any work conducted under so popular a name could not have failed to do. It was, however, on the whole, a vulgar performance, thickly sprinkled with such gross scurrility and indecency, as was too strong even for the palate of that not very fastidious age. The public feeling may be gathered from the fact that the author did not dare to depart from his incognito, and claim the honours of a triumph. The most diligent inquiries have established nothing farther than that he was an Aragonese, judging from his diction, and, from the complexion of certain passages in the work, probably an ecclesiastic and one of the swarm of small dramatists who felt themselves rudely handled by the criticism of Cervantes. The work was subsequently translated, or rather paraphrased, by Le Sage, who has more than once given a substantial value to gems of little price in Castilean literature by the brilliancy of his setting. The original work of Avellanda, always deriving an interest from the circumstances of its production, has been reprinted in the present * century and is not difficult to be met with. To have thus coolly invaded an author's own property, to have filched from him the splendid, though unfinished, creations of his genius, before his own face, and while, as was publicly known, he was in the very process of completing them, must be admitted to be an act of unblushing effrontery, not surpassed in the annals of literature."

Probably, Cervantes was annoyed very much by the circumstance. The continuation of Avellanda reached him when engaged on the fifty-ninth chapter of the second part. At least, since that time, he began to discharge his gall on the head of the offender, who, it should be added, had consummated his imprudence by sneering in his introduction at the qualifications of Cervantes.

* The Nineteenth Century.

Some part of the failure of such continuation may be traced on the author himself who never went to his new work with his primitive buoyancy and vigour. Never more did he feel the same interest in his own labours, which now losing their newness became to his imagination as a thrice-told tale. The new composition has a different complexion from the former, "cold, stiff and disjointed, like a bronze statue, whose parts are separately put together, instead of being cast in one mould when the whole metal is in a state of fusion."

Don Quixote, as was brought forward by Cervantes, is a personage in whom were embodied all the generous virtues which belong to chivalry; disinterestedness, contempt of danger, unblemished honour, knightly courtesy, and those aspirations after ideal excellence, which, if empty dreams, are the dreams of a magnanimous spirit. Cervantes represents those virtues and aspirations after ideal excellence as too ethereal for this world, and as being dispelled in succession as they come with the coarse realities of life. The mind of Don Quixote is an ideal world into which Cervantes has poured forth all the precious stones of his own imagination, "the golden dreams, high romantic exploit, and the sweet and gay visions and pastoral happiness; the gorgeous chimeras of the fancied age of chivalry, which had so long entranced the world; splendid illusions, which, floating before us like the airy bubbles which the child throws off from his pipe, reflect, in a thousand variegated tints, the rude objects around, until, brought into collision with these, they are dashed into pieces, and meet on the air." The insanity of Don Quixote operates both in mistaking the ideal for the real and the real for the ideal. Cervantes keeps up the dignity of his hero's character amidst the ridiculous distress in which he has perpetually involved him.

To conclude, the great scope of the work was didactic, for it is a satire against the false taste of the age. Never was and is there a satire so completely successful. Besides several editions of the work at home, it was printed, in the author's own time, in Portugal, Flanders and Italy. Since then it has passed into numberless editions both in Spain and other countries. It has been translated into nearly every European tongue over and over again. The fame of Cervantes, gathering strength with time, has become the pride of his own nation, as his works still continue to be the light of the whole civilized world.

AN ANGLICISED INDIAN.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

TWO SONGS OF MY CITY.

I.

IN THE BAZAAR.

What do you sell, O ye vendors?
Sweetmeat and butter and milk.
What do you sell, O ye pedlars?
Silver lace, velvet and silk.

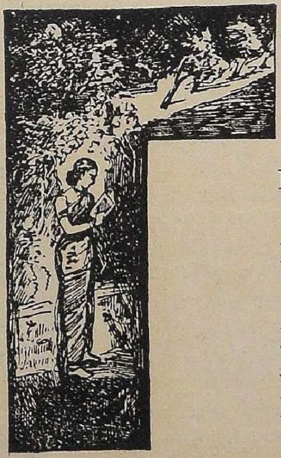
What do you sell, O ye merchants?
Saffron and lentil and rice.
What do you grind, O ye maidens?
Sandalwood, henna and spice.

What do you cry, O ye fruit-men?
Citron, pomegranate and plum.
What do you play, O musicians?
Cithār, sārangi and drum.

What do you make, O ye goldsmiths?
Wristlet and anklet and ring.
What do you shape on your anvils?
Scabbards of gold for the king.

II.

IN A BALCONY.



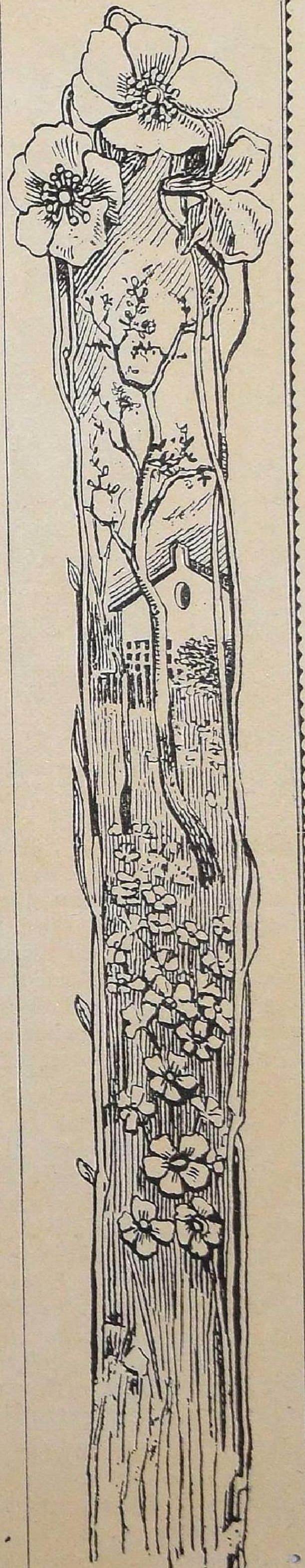
How shall I feed thee, Beloved?
On honeycomb, sherbet and fruit.
How shall I please thee, Beloved?
With music of cymbal and lute.

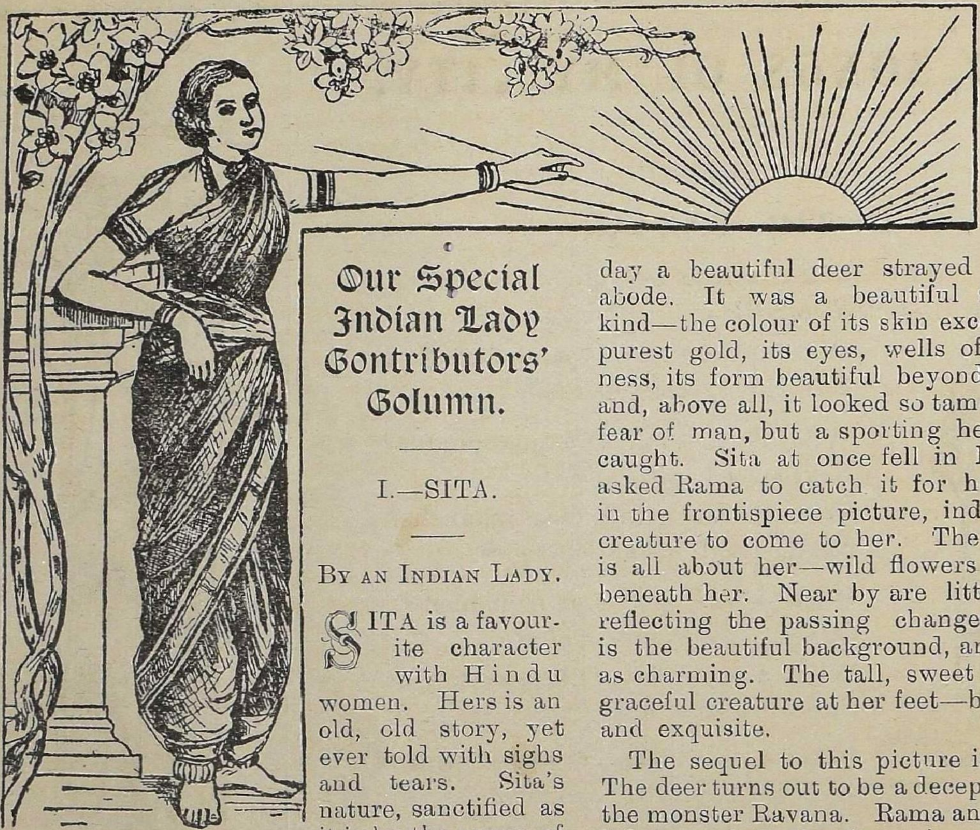
How shall I garland thy tresses?
With buds from the jessamine close.
How shall I perfume thy fingers?
With essence of amber and rose.

How shall I deck thee, O dearest?
In hues of the peacock and dove.
How shall I woo thee, O dearest?
With kisses, caresses and love.

Sarojini Naidu.

HYDERABAD.





Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Column.

I.—SITA.

By an Indian Lady.

SITA is a favourite character with Hindu women. Hers is an old, old story, yet ever told with sighs and tears. Sita's nature, sanctified as it is by the agony of suffering, is pure gold. Exquisitely delicate and beautiful in her character, tender as the crooning of a mother to her babe, it always reminds me of the soft strains of music one hears in the silence of the star-lit night, of the remembered joys of past happiness. Her lot fell among harsh destinies, and the briars of the world roughly hurt and cut her tender feet.

Sita is a unique character. Her birth was a mystery, her union with Rama, the incarnation of a divine being, was an amazing enigma, and her death, a wonder to all who beheld it. The Earth mothered her and the Earth received her back into her fond arms. The finding of the little babe by King Janaka, his adoption of her as his daughter, her life in the palace, and eventually her marriage with Rama, are all told in the *Ramayana*. Rama's banishment into the forest was the beginning of her sorrows. She follows him into the wilds, preferring a wandering life with her husband rather than a life of comfort and luxury at the royal palace.

It is here among these haunts of wild beasts and wild men, that her great misfortune befalls her. Rama, Sita, and Lakshmana have been leading a happy life in the forest. But Sita's evil genius dogs her footsteps and works its wicked spells on her. One memorable day a beautiful deer strayed near their rude abode. It was a beautiful specimen of its kind—the colour of its skin excelling that of the purest gold, its eyes, wells of pathetic sweetness, its form beautiful beyond all comparison, and, above all, it looked so tame and shewed no fear of man, but a sporting hesitation at being caught. Sita at once fell in love with it and asked Rama to catch it for her. We see her in the frontispiece picture, inducing the pretty creature to come to her. The beautiful forest is all about her—wild flowers star the ground beneath her. Near by are little pools of water reflecting the passing changes of light; such is the beautiful background, and the figures are as charming. The tall, sweet maiden, and the graceful creature at her feet—both are beautiful and exquisite.

The sequel to this picture is a tale of woe. The deer turns out to be a deception practised by the monster Ravana. Rama and Lakshmana are led away into the forest haunts by the pretty animal, and Sita is left alone, alone to her fate; Ravana descends in his chariot and carries off the fair Sita, and only the "dim and sombre shades" remain, while the voices in the breeze weep gently for the girl.

We are all well acquainted with the after-story of Ravana's defeat, the recapture of Sita. Here, the story should end in peace and happiness. But a higher suffering is in store. Her husband's jealous suspicions drive her again into exile, and once more the forest wilds are her home. Valmiki, the hermit, looks after her and her children. Long days after, Rama relents and calls her back, but she is to make a public avowal of her purity before the people. Poor tender Sita, this is too much for her; but her husband's word is law. She obeys him meekly; but, after everything is over, she calls to her mother, the Earth, who forthwith appears in terrible majesty, and carries off the suffering girl in her motherly arms, and thus the earth closes over her and her sorrows.

Sita's sad life asks not for words, but for tears. Delicate and gentle as she was, she showed an indomitable spirit in suffering, though to her, her sufferings must have been so many keen, poignant swords. She was beloved by her people. She was a princess, she was a dear

wife, and she was a brave woman. Fate was cruel, and even her last days were not brightened by happiness. But she is ever dear to us, her name a sad memory, but one with which to invoke all that is beautiful, pure and good.

H. K.

II.—MARIE CORELLI AND THE ADVANCE OF WOMEN.

[By an Indian Lady.]

"WOMEN are so narrow-minded," said once a gentleman to me, "Men have such broad minds compared to them. They think largely, and make many allowances, which women seldom do." A sentiment exactly opposite to this runs through "The Free Opinions, Freely Expressed," of Marie Corelli, and it is for this reason that I would say something about some of the essays which compose this book. New books by well-known authors are always eagerly welcomed, and, when the author is one like Marie Corelli, we can easily understand the attraction of his or her books to the general public. As the title itself shows, the book abounds with free opinions, freely expressed. For Marie Corelli stoutly proclaims the independence of the Life Literary: "Chiefest among the joys of the Life Literary are its splendid independence, its right of free opinion and its ability to express that opinion. An author is bound to no person, no place and no party, unless he or she wilfully elects to be so bound. To him, or to her, all the realms of nature and imagination are entrance-free. A book is more or less the expression of the mind, or a part of the mind, of its writer. And to live the Life Literary means that we can always choose our own company. We can reject Commoners and receive Kings, or *vice versa*. The author, who is careful to hold and to maintain all the real privileges and rights of authorship, is a ruler of millions, and under subjection to none. The position is unique." Marie Corelli's book fully bears out what she says; and it is under the sanction of these, her strongly expressed opinions, that we, smaller writers, would criticise some of her views; for we too would arrogate to ourselves the right to freely express our own opinions. Marie Corelli, as we said before, is strongly in woman's favour, and strongly advocates her advance. Her opinion of women is very high: "Yet with all the weight of her curse more or less upon her, and with all her sorrows, shattered ideals, wrecked hopes, and lost loves, Eve is still the most beautiful, the most perfect figure in creation. Her failings, her vanities, her weaknesses, her sins, arise in the first place from love. Still she loves,—to find herself fooled and cheated; still she hopes, even while hope eludes her,—still she waits, for what she may never win,—still she prays prayers that may never be answered,—still she bears and rears the men of the future, wondering perchance whether any of them will ever help to do her justice. Beautiful, frail, trusting, loving, *Accursed Eve!*" A beautiful picture truly and worth living up to! but do we live up to it? A woman, with the woman-nature described above, would be large-hearted, tolerant even to her enemies; but Marie Corelli does not show much tolerance to *her* enemies, the *men;* she despises them, she accuses them roundly, strongly, she brings innumerable charges against them, with scarcely any redeeming praise. True, she says there is a *Brave Adam*, in opposition to *Coward Adam*, and Brave Adam is a defender of women; but in another place her opinion is that there are hardly any brave Adams. "Once upon a time," she says, "there was an Age of Chivalry. Chivalry has somehow come to imply respect, devotion, and reverence for women. The 'chivalrous' knight is supposed to have gone all over the world, wearing the glove or the ribbon of his 'ladye faire,' in his helmet, and challenging to single combat every other knight that dared to question the supremacy of her beauty and virtue. I confess at once that I do not believe in him. If he ever existed, he must have been a most unnatural and abnormal product of humanity." This seems to be her general opinion about men. Here is another elevating picture about man: "Perhaps there is nothing more entertaining to the wit of a cultured and intelligent woman than the recurrent piping wail of man's assertion that 'woman has no creative power.' Her place, says the didactic male, is the kitchen, the nursery and besides the cradle. *Certes*, she can manage these three departments infinitely better than he can, especially the cradle part of it, wherein his fractious disposition is generally well displayed the moment he starts in life." (Query—Are girl babies less troublesome than boy babies?). "He makes himself ludicrous by persistently crying her down, when all the world *en masse* beholds her taking the highest University honours over his head, and beating him intellectually on his own ground. In physical force he certainly outstrips her. Item,—he can kick her as heartily and skilfully as he can kick a football. Item,—he can eat and drink much more than she can, because he devotes a great deal more time and attention to the study of gastronomy. Item,—he can smoke more. Here we have the gist of the whole matter: man is a vain

animal and wants to be admired. Like the peacock, he struts forward and spreads out his fluttering tail. The central feature of the landscape, as he considers himself, he waits for the pea-hen to worship him. If, instead of the humble pea-hen, he finds another sort of bird entirely—with not only a tail as brilliant as his own, but wings which will carry it over his head, he is mightily incensed, and his shrill cry of rage echoes through that particular part of the universe, where he is no longer 'monarch of all he surveys.'" In this manner, Marie Corelli speaks of men; but is it right, to ridicule them like this? This is not large-heartedness. Marie Corelli speaks too much against men. It is scarcely 'womanly' to rail at them, as she does in some places. Even if there is great provocation, women must be gentle, must forgive. In fact, if we may dare say so, Marie Corelli sometimes contradicts herself and sometimes exaggerates. Let us hope that here she is only speaking of particular cases, and not unfairly generalising from the particular.

Apart from what she says about men, Marie Corelli's advocacy of women's rights is grandly done. Her opinion is that women can not only equal men, but can even rise above them. Often and often we have heard, and we hear, about the advance of women. Men do tread her down, do try to make little of her; but they also, in many cases, help her; and woman is rising gradually, not wholly through her own efforts, but also because her cause is being upheld by brave men-defenders. Woman's first duties, as it has been often insisted on, are at home, but she has other duties elsewhere also. She has her outside rights, and she can well show that she has as much ability as men to fulfil extraneous and public duties. Let us just take the few ways in which Marie Corelli shows that women can do as well as men. "Braced with the golden shield of courage," she says, "helmeted with Patience and armed with the sword of Faith, the women-warriors are taking the field, and are to be seen now in massed ranks, daily marshalling themselves in more complete order, firm-footed and fearless, prepared to fight for intellectual freedom, and die rather than yield. They too will earn the right to live; they too will be something greater than the mere vassals of man's desire—whether maids, wives, or mothers, they will prove themselves to be worthy of all these three, and more than these, to the very utmost extent of their moral and intellectual being!" As Marie Corelli points out, man always has been aware of women's true worth, for throughout all the ages, his highest ideals of life have been depicted in the Feminine form. "Fortune, Fame, Justice, the Arts and Sciences, are all represented by female figures lovingly designed by male hands. Evidently conscious in himself that a woman's purity, honesty, fidelity, and courage are nobler types of these virtues than his own. Man apparently is never weary of idealising them as Woman womanly. The divine spirit of Nature itself, called 'Egeria,' is always depicted by man as a woman. Faith, Hope and Charity are represented as female spirits, as are the Three Graces. The Muses are women; so are the Fates. It is easy to see that man has always been perfectly aware in his inward intelligence of Woman's true worth and right place in creation."

And has woman done anything? Marie Corelli says that she is distinguishing herself in the arts. In Poetry, it is her opinion that women do little; but, though there may not be a female Shakespeare—as for the matter of that there may be no second male Shakespeare—yet there is no reason why there should not be a woman-Dante, or a woman-Shelley. In Music also, says Marie Corelli, we are confronted by the fact that many of the most successful and charming of song writers are women. With regard to Law, Marie Corelli deplores the fact that Laws are made by men, for men. "We want women-lawyers," she says, "Portias, with quick brains, to see the way out of a difficulty into which men plunge only to flounder more helplessly." In medicine, it is her opinion that women have done well. "It is almost impossible to over-estimate the priceless value of the work done by women-doctors and women-surgeons in the harems of India and Turkey." As Inspectors of Schools, "much excellent work is done," observes our authoress, "and remains yet to be done by women. They alone are really fitted for the task of ascertaining the conditions under which children are made to study, and they are not likely, while examining infant classes, to make such ponderous statements as that passed by a certain male inspector, who, according to an amusing story told me by Sir John Gorst, found the babies (not above five years old) 'deplorably deficient in mental arithmetic.'" With regard to politics, Marie Corelli objects to see women in Parliament. About housekeeping and cooking, it is her opinion that women should know both, but not only for man's comfort, but also for their own. "A woman must also eat, and she should learn to work *for her own* comfort, quite apart from his. In the same way, she should study housekeeping."

It is important to note that Marie Corelli hates the mannish woman. Here is what she says: "In claiming and securing intellectual equality with man, woman should ever bear in mind that such a position is only to be held by always maintaining and preserving as great an

unlikeness to him as possible in her life and surroundings. Let her imitate him in nothing but independence and individuality. Let her eschew his fashions in dress, his talk and his manners. A woman who wears 'mannish' clothes, smokes cigars, rattles out slang, gambles at cards, and drinks brandy and soda on the slightest provocation is lost altogether. But the woman whose dress is always becoming and graceful, whose voice is equable and tender, who enhances whatever beauty she possesses by exquisite manner, unblemished reputation, and intellectual capacity combined, raises herself not only to an equality with man, but goes so far above him that she straightway becomes the goddess and he the worshipper. This is as it should be. Men adore what they cannot imitate." There is not much danger of Indian women becoming 'mannish,' but at present one of the chief objections against female education is that it will make women lose their womanliness. So, let us take Marie Corelli's advice and be essentially women, not only because we wish to influence men by the force of our womanliness, but also and chiefly for love of womanliness. And then, in time, our proper place in the scale of creation will be given to us. We shall be acknowledged as equals of men, and perhaps as their superiors also and prove ourselves "ever the finer and the nobler creatures." And, above all, we shall be fully endowed with the power and the capability to fulfil the great and noble duties we owe the world.

K. S.

The Burmese Woman.

SIR Frederick Treves, in his new travel book, "The Other Side of the Lantern," gives the following picture of the Burmese woman :—

It is to be regretted that the traveller's first acquaintance with the fascinating Burmese woman will probably be made in Rangoon as she is looking at French hats in a European shop, or as she is waiting for a train at a distasteful railway station. The first glimpse of her should be on an old road, in a Burmese town—such as has remained unsullied by the West—where she would be found among surroundings which have known no change for centuries, and which are, above all, her own. The Burmese woman belongs to Burma of the old world, over which the wind of change has not yet blown. I can recall one such vision of the lady of the land in the country as it was. There was inland a grey, still road, shaded by trees and by many palms, which made of the way a sleepy aisle. Small pools and splashes of sunshine lay on the road as if it had rained gold. Among the columns of the palms, a few houses with walls of mat and roofs of velvet were dozing in the shadows. An inquisitive creeper had climbed to a verandah, and had tumbled over the slender handrail into the passage. Around each house was a yellow palisade of bamboo lattice-work, and against a fence two naked children were leaning. The road itself was deserted. At one end of it a far-off pagoda of gilt shone in a jagged gap of blue sky.

From out of the cloister of the wood a girl came, who halted for a moment, hesitating which way she should turn. She stood erect, like a queen. Her eyes were dark and expressive, and there was a smiling mouth with white teeth. Glossy black hair, with a red rose in it, made the covering of her head. A simple jacket of white linen hung from her shapely shoulders, and from her waist to her naked feet was a skirt of glistening pink that sketched in simplest lines her perfect form. Two plain gold bangles on her wrist complete the account of her—a delicate, cool little figure, with a splash of sunshine at her feet, and the vision of the pagoda at the road's end. Such is the lady of the land.

That her face is Mongolian in type is evident enough. She may hardly be pretty if judged by a European standard, but by no standard can it be declared that she is other than most fascinating. Her eyes, at least, are absolutely beautiful. Her expression is alert, vivacious, cheerful, so that she looks the embodiment of good temper. She is as neat as a nun, 'and as quaint as a Puritan maiden,' but there is too much coquettishness about her to allow of these comparisons being made complete. She is a brilliant little personage, graceful in her slightest movement, infinitely feminine, full to her lips with the sparkle of life, yet dignified and even stately. She walks with a swing of her arms and a roll of her shoulders which mark her as one who thinks well of herself, and intends that all others should hold to the same belief.

She has excuse for some dignity of bearing, for it is the Burmese woman and not the Burmese man, who is at the head of affairs. What business is to be done she does. She is ever astir in the market, buying and selling, since it is the woman who sits at the receipt of custom. Her husband or her brother may carry bales of silk for her, may unpack her cases of silver, may bring vegetables in from the country to her stall,

but it is she who guides the enterprise, and who manages the trading. She does it because she does it well, and because "he" is so indolent and uncertain. She sits on a low, yellow mat in her stall, and holds up to you a piece of silk. Her hands are pretty, and there are many gold bangles on her wrist. A sleek head and smiling eyes are visible above the rim of the silk. She holds it up as a child would hold up its last new toy for admiration. You ask the price of this trifle of amber and rose, and she shyly suggests a quite fantastic sum, as if she were playing at "keeping shop."

You propose to give her half the amount she has ventured upon. This amuses her beyond words. She is filled with laughter, for the jest is evidently much to her liking. Smiling, moreover, becomes her, as her teeth are exquisite. There is more movement of shapely fingers and of supple wrists; the silk is dropped, and another piece is held up with mute questioning. You renew the offer of half the price named for the piece first shown. She again becomes radiant with laughter, and hides her mouth behind the edge of the outstretched stuff. With infinite shyness she suggests a less extreme mutilation of her original price. She half whispers the sum as if it were a possible answer to some absurd conundrum. You finally take the silk for exactly one half of the sum originally discussed. She is perfectly delighted, and appears to regard the long bargaining as the best of fun. It is all excellent fooling, this playing at "keeping shop" by a picturesque woman instead of by a child, but the woman—like the child—is never a loser at the simple game. The evercourteous little silk mercer is, without doubt, an alert woman of business and yet matter-of-fact people who know her say she is careless, pleasure-loving and hopelessly improvident. It would seem, then, that she is still a child, even when she is not playing at "keeping shop."

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight:
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.
Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.
Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain."

Khatoon,

A High-class Urdu Monthly conducted in the interests of Indian Women.

TWELVE months ago, when Mr. Shaikh Abdulla, B.A., LL.B., proposed to start a high class ladies' monthly in connection with the Female Education Section of the M. A. O. E. Conference, a large section of Muhamadans condemned the idea as quite preposterous. It was said that such a journal would prove an utter failure, as there was already *Tahzib-un-Niswan* in the field, and that in the present state of Muhamadan society it would not find a sufficient number of supporters. *Khatoon* was however launched into existence and we are glad to note that it has outlived all these criticisms. It has secured the substantial support of the educated section of the Muhamadan community. It has found a band of at least twenty lady writers who may be said to have made it the organ of their sex, while a still larger number of gentlemen, young and old, have gathered round it and made it the medium of publishing the ideas of new India on problems concerning the female sex. Among the contributors to *Khatoon*, we find the names of such enlightened ladies as Miss Naseer-ud-Din Hyder, Mrs. Mahmood, Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. Kareem Khan, Mrs. Sahrawardy, Miss Nazar-ul-Baquar and Miss Tyabji, while Nawab Mohsin-ul-Mulk, Moulvi Hasan Nizami, Professor Zakaullah, Maulana Syed Ahmed and Mr. Inam-ul-Huq are among the gentlemen who have so far written in its pages. The articles in the first volume of *Khatoon* are all brightly written and generally deal with subjects having a practical bearing on modern Musalman life. In the opening number of the magazine, a thoughtful article appeared on "Women's Rights," and, though the views which were put forward in it were quite moderate, a hue and cry was raised in the Muhamadan press and the conductors of the journal had to decide not to publish any more articles on controversial subjects. Female education has naturally been dealt with by a large number of writers and the discussion has elicited views which should be very helpful in formulating a popular curriculum of studies for Muhamadam girls. A few contributions have been made on subjects connected with social reform. Mrs. Morrison has written a series of valuable articles in dialogue-form dealing with the most important principles of sanitary science. Popular articles have appeared on scientific sub-

jects like rain, ants, thought, balloon, coins, volcanoes and syllogisms. Interesting descriptions of women in other countries such as Korea, Japan and Turkey have been published and also short biographies of some good and great women both of the east and the west. Fiction has had its share and a few stories have appeared illustrative of Muhamadan life and character. The editorial notes deal with subjects of current interest and are written in a lively style. An intelligent discussion has been started on the subject of "ladies' dress," in which it is expected a great many ladies will take part. Mr. Abdullah, we understand, is attempting to make his journal an illustrated magazine, and if he succeeds in so doing it is certain that *Khatoon* will be appreciated more largely. The printing and the letterpress are of the best kind available and the journal is cheap enough for an annual subscription of three rupees. There can be no doubt that *Khatoon* has so far served its purpose, and, judging from its past, we may safely predict for it a long and useful existence.

A Hindu Ladies' Social Gathering at Bellary.

Mr. P. R. Appa Rao, Head Master, London Mission Anglo-Vernacular School, Bellary, writes:—"On the 21st May, 1905, the day following the sittings of the Provincial and Social Conferences at Bellary, there was a social gathering of the Hindu ladies. About a hundred Hindu women and girls including children met in the Hon'ble Mr. K. Venkatarao's Town Hall, on the notice sent round by Mrs. C. S. Subrahmanyam and Mrs. K. Srinivasa Rao. Mrs. N. Narayana Rao and Mrs. T. Narasimulu read papers in Telugu explaining the resolutions passed at the Bellary Social Conference. Mrs. P. R. Apparao (Janakamma) presided and read her address in Telugu on the advantages of higher education to girls, on the desirability of forming a Ladies' Association and holding meetings as often as convenient. One or two non-Brahmin elderly ladies rose and put some questions to the President as to whether the Brahman community would advocate social reform on the lines suggested. Having been answered that there is nothing in the old Hindu Sastras preventing people from effecting the reform and that it is only custom that is being blindly and in some respects cruelly followed, for want of moral courage on the part of men and women, the ladies were satisfied and everything went on well. The hostess, Mrs. Srinivasa Rao, then garlanded the President and presented her with sweetmeat prepared by Brahmins. The distribution of sweets and *pan supari* was extended to all and the meeting closed successfully. It is hoped that a Ladies' Association will soon be formed and some practical and useful work be done for the advancement of Bellary girls and women.

Mr. Justice Charan Mitra on Female Education.

(*From the "Indian Messenger."*)

RECENTLY, on the occasion of the Prize Distribution of the Taltala branch of the Mahakali Pathsala, Justice Saradacharan Mitra in the course of his presidential address foreshadowed a scheme of female education, which has attracted considerable attention. Justice Mitra, as an enlightened leader of the Hindu community of Calcutta, is held in high esteem. He has been specially connected with the question of female education, as a member of the Bethune College Committee for a long time, and last year his appointment as the Secretary of that institution was welcomed by all sections. But we must confess that we have been greatly disappointed with his scheme of female education. Mr. Mitra seems to have a very poor conception of female education. It is a great pity that we have not at present many enthusiasts for female education, like the late venerable Pandit Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar or Mr. Monomohun Ghose, among our leading men. Those who are entrusted with unpopular causes and unpalatable reforms must themselves be men of high enthusiasm. In the Secretary of the Bethune College we expected to find a Missionary, an Apostle of the cause of female education. Mr. Mitra's remarks remind one of the church of England prelate who said "preach the Gospel and repress enthusiasm." He said: "Notwithstanding what has been very often said of the desirability of book-learning for the purpose of culture and enlightenment only—knowledge for the sake of knowledge—it is idle attempting to conceal the truth that education even in the most enlightened countries is generally sought for its commercial value—for its utility as a means of

earning a livelihood. We generally send our boys to school to be educated and thereby to qualify themselves for earning the means of decent livelihood." "But" continues Mr. Mitra, "we do not generally want the majority of our girls to earn a livelihood in the same way as our boys. We do not generally want all our girls to be learned women and authoresses, public servants and clerks." We hardly expected such a conception of education either for men or for women from a man of culture like Justice Mitra. We do not think that he was justified in saying that even in most enlightened countries education is sought for its commercial value. Of course those who go in for education cannot totally ignore the question of bread. But in spite of all that has been said of the materialism of the present age, in no civilised country is culture rated below gold and silver. True that the many go for wealth and rank, and a few choose the better part of culture and enlightenment; but that is the case with respect to all good things—with religion, morality, as well as intellectual culture. But it is these few that are the salt of the earth. The ideal of education is knowledge for the sake of knowledge; and it is the duty of the leaders of society to hold up that ideal by precept and by example. But, instead of that if we find the very leaders openly scoffing at it as Utopian and commending the worldly policy of mercenary education, we can only say "alas for our country." We cannot appreciate the idea that because our women have not to earn their livelihood, therefore they do not want sound education and deep culture. On our part we would say, because they are not under the necessity of earning money, therefore they can and should devote themselves all the more freely to the pursuit of culture. We may not want our girls to be public servants and clerks, but we do want that they should be learned women and authoresses, '*all*' of them if possible; if not, the more the better.

Mr. Justice Saradacharan Mitra says that "in the present stage of our society, we desire our girls to be good and useful members of our households, to be good housewives and good mothers." Here all would agree with Mr. Mitra; why in the "present stage of our society" alone? but it may be said to be true in all stages of all societies; only we should like to add that it is the duty and function of men as well to be good and useful members of *their* households. Justice Mitra, however, seems to think that to be good wives and good mothers requires less culture and enlightenment than to be clerks and public servants. That is the fundamental error under which the oriental mind has been labouring for many centuries. We are apt to think and often to say that girls need not have any education, because they will not have to earn money, as if money earning is the only use of education. To be good mothers and wives requires also education, an education not less careful and liberal than what is necessary for clerks and public servants. They, who think that a good hand in cooking and *alipana* drawing is all that is necessary for becoming good mothers and wives, have a poor idea indeed of the functions of mother and wife. We do not disparage or underrate the value of knowledge in the art of cooking for mothers and wives. But it is really painful to see how even our educated countrymen cannot rise above this grovelling conception of women's work and women's education. Good *hulwa* and good curries seem to be all that would satisfy them. If they require any knowledge of letters at all in women, it is only as much as would enable them to keep the *Dhobies'* account. More than this seems to be at a discount. Otherwise we do not know why the Secretary of the Bethune College should say "the system adopted in girls' schools other than the Mahakali Pathshala is in my opinion quite unsuitable." If Justice Mitra's address has been correctly reported, here is a matter for grave apprehension. We do not wish to say anything against the Mahakali Pathshala. But we will hope that Mr. Mitra will not try his hand in converting the Bethune College into a big Mahakali Pathshala. Educated people do not send their girls to school to learn Siva puja, Alipana drawing and cooking. Mothers at home can teach these things much better. In schools and colleges girls should have sound liberal education —culture for the intellect and the heart, which is the foundation for all further education in technics, whether that be domestic economy or clerk's craft. There is a common ground between men and women, both are human beings, both have soul, reason, conscience and heart. We do not see what greater necessity a clerk, a doctor, or public servant has for Shakespeare, Kalidasa or Michael Madhusudan than a mother or wife. The curriculum of study for girls may require slight modifications, but any attempt to curtail it down to the merest rudimentary knowledge of the three R's after the model of the Mahakali Pathshala should receive the strongest opposition from the educated public and we hope, will not be permitted by the University as well as the Government education authorities.

Justice Saradacharan Mitra's scheme of female education looks like the announcements of the popular advertisers, who prefer to show all the wonders of the earth for one pice. Mr. Mitra promises to finish the education of girls and make them "good house-wives and good mothers" by the time they are twelve years of age. Of course an education which shall have

to be finished by twelve can be very little more than *Alipana* drawing and spelling and scrawling a few words. But in that case we would advise not to give it the name of education. Mr. Mitra can understand what that education will be by imagining a boy whose education has been brought to a standstill at twelve. Will he be fit for anything serious? And are the functions of mothers and wives so light that not even the education that Mr. Mitra's peon receives is necessary for the satisfactory performance of them? We know the great stumbling block of the age-limit of marriage in Hindu homes. The question is of either somehow overcoming it or giving up all hope of real education for women. The Hindus must be made to see that no education is possible in four years. We do not think that the age-limit is quite irremovable. There was a time not very long ago, when scarcely any girl was kept unmarried after eight. The first Secretaries and organisers of the Bethune College had the greatest difficulty in inducing Hindu parents to send their girls to school. But now there are scores of Hindu girls of and over twelve in the Bethune College. We firmly hope that with the progress of society the age of marriage will be shifted further up. It is true that only a handful of girls receive education and the vast majority have no education at all. But we think that the ideal must be kept high, for the sake of the handful. The vast majority of our countrymen, or of the citizens of any country for the matter of that, do not receive any University education; it is only the handful that go to the University. Should the Universities therefore be abolished and education made to consist of the three R's? Secondly, if the age of marriage cannot be increased, the girls can be sent to school after marriage. We know there have been several married girls in the Bethune College. In the Madras Presidency we find married ladies with three or four children going up for University examinations. Thirdly, if they are not sent to school, their education may be continued at home. The girls and their guardians must be made to know that education cannot be finished in four years; what they learn by the time they are twelve years of age is the merest grounding. It will be foolish if the authorities of girls' schools are to assume, and act on the assumption that the education of girls should be finished by the time they are twelve years of age.

> "The mother, in her office, holds the key
> Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin
> Of character."

The Price of Hindu Bridegrooms.

UNDER the above heading there was some correspondence recently passing on in the columns of the *Madras Mail*. The gravity of the subject and the practical and immediate hardship that it entails on all fathers of daughters prompt me to speak here a few words on the same subject. It is a matter of wonder that the advance of English education and modern civilization, instead of consuming our social vermin one by one has, in some cases, given germ to new worms. Here is a dangerous development in our system of marriage. The compulsory payment of dowry, which was not very much in practice in India, and which perhaps existed nowhere else but among the Tamils of Ceylon, is being slowly but firmly introduced into our society. Everywhere there are abnormal demands made by the English educated bridegroom, who deems it his prerogative to wring a heavy sum of money from the poor hands of his father-in-law, and that, for having given him his dear daughter. A few years ago the case was the reverse. Brides had to be bought at a great cost with a high-handed spirit; the case is now changed. The father-in-law finds that he has a hard bargain in the matrimonial market. This monetary difficulty, along with other ungenerous ideas entertained by the Hindu mind towards the fair sex, is responsible for the great disfavour with which the birth of the unfortunate Hindu girl is regarded in our homes. At the birth of a child, the father anxiously expects to know what child he has been blessed with. 'Daughter' comes the dreadful news. Ah! into what fearful convulsions is he thrown. His face at once darkens and a sullen sadness prevails over him. Henceforth, his only thought about her is about her marriage. It is no wonder then that the succesive births of two or more daughters should take away from a father all earthly enjoyment, and render him gloomy all through life.

Our social institutions are so constituted that they all help in the growth of new social evils. The luckless birth of a daughter is only a signal to the father to prepare for her marriage. The compulsory marriage of our girls before a certain age compels him to go hunting for a husband, ere she is seven or eight years old, for, should she be unmarried soon after that, she becomes a social outcast, and can no more be married in her caste. Unfortunately enough, the Hindu society, 'her past tradition and

historic civilization,' insist on the compulsory marriage of women, and strictly prohibit them a celebate life. This fear makes the father ready to pay whatever sum he is demanded for. Nor is he limited by time alone in the choice of his son-in-law. The monster among us, caste, has wrought untold havoc in our society and there is not one in our social evils, which is not the work of its evil hand. The peculiar nature of our caste system makes it impossible for the free choice of a son-in-law. The father-in-law has often to choose him in the limited circle of his sect, nay, his sub-sect. He can step out of his caste, only at the dear penalty of losing his caste for ever, and with us, the loss of one's caste means the loss of all social life. Thus, his time being limited, his choice being fettered, he is often led to choose the only possible son-in-law in his caste, and that sometimes the worst.

There is a growing desire everywhere, even in the meanest hut, for the education of our sons. Every Hindu parent affectionately longs to see his or her son a B. A. and an M. A. Whether his academic training makes him a real moral being, it matters not. Meanwhile, not an iota of thought is bestowed on the education of our daughters. This unequal development does not give balance to our society. The educated husbands, with ideas and tastes diametrically opposite to those of his uneducated wife, suffers a great deal in his married life; and his superiority in education necessarily raises his value in the matrimonial market (and with all this, what a craze is there for English educated husbands!) How many of our daughters can say 'The fortune of a fair education is my dowry, Sir!' None, sadly, none. Will not our daughters themselves be sought after, if they should be educated and accomplished? Feminine accomplishments are appreciated and valued by all young men, but, unluckily for them, our girls are so ignorant of music and singing and many other accomplishments that a woman ought to know. Surely, if a father, unfortunately burdened with a number of daughters, should educate them all with the dowry that he can bestow on but one of them, he will find them all a blessing instead of a burden.

Each of the remedies suggested above, the raising of the marriageable age of our girls, and their education, and the removal of caste restrictions, will no doubt do much to eradicate this spreading social pest that threatens to descend even into uneducated quarters. Should the sacred and inviolable tie of matrimony be made a matter of mercantile transaction, to which state it has been ignominiously reduced, in spite of its much-boasted religious and spiritual signification with us? And so long as a Hindu parent sells a daughter and buys a son-in-law, he will have to pay heavily, but if the couple are allowed to buy and sell each other, the unfortunate father-in law is saved, and it costs the couple nothing but the exchange of their loving hearts—a blessing to which they will ever be grateful in their after life.

We, in no way, object to a voluntary marriage settlement on the part of the bride's father and in her name, which, in many ways, is highly necessary to a newly married couple, who have to make a fresh start in the battle of life; but what is objected to is the payment of a price from the Hindu bride, the system of compulsory dowry, which has ruined the happiness of not a few Hindu parents. Some time ago a Hindu father chivalrously argued that he had a right to demand a dowry for his son for the money he had spent on him for his education. A chivalrous and noble sentiment indeed towards the weaker sex! That an educated Indian youth, instead of valuing the priceless treasure of a good education and training in a wife, should demand a sum of money for accepting her as his beloved partner in life, only shows how far his education has failed to have any effect on his moral nature.

Our leaders are quite indifferent to the many evils that are eating into the very vitals of our society, and sucking its life-blood, somewhat like the leech that clings to a man's leg and drinks away his blood unconscious to himself. So passive are they in their working that their narcotic influence is rarely observed by those suffering. Their detrimental effect on the individual and national growth is immense. As in many other matters of reform, so here also society can be made to put its shoulders to the wheels, only by individual action, of which we are in sore need. The youth of the country is the hope of the nation, and it is our fervent prayer that they will begin to consider our pressing social evils somewhat more seriously than they have hitherto done.

A. K. SABHA.

"It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourned, 'twill fall
Like choicest music; fill the glazing eye
With gentle tears; relax the knotted hand
To know the bonds of fellowship again."

Editorial Notes.

The new volume of "the Indian Ladies' Magazine."

The June number closes the Fourth Volume of our Magazine, and it is our privilege and pleasure to thank our supporters and contributors very much for all the help they have given to the journal. The purpose of the Magazine is to advance the interests of the women of India; and it is the help of ladies, whether Indian or European, that is specially necessary. It is with great pleasure that we find, that the Magazine last year has been much better supported than in the previous years. Still it needs a great deal more of help, and we hope it will be given to us. Our contributors, both European and Indian, have been very kind and their large-hearted and energetic efforts to help on the course of the Magazine will, we feel sure, be continued, till the Magazine becomes successful in its object—the object of helping, even in a small way, the promotion of the interests of the women of India. Suggestions for making the Magazine more interesting and helpful will be eagerly welcomed.

The Parsee Women.

The writer of the articles on "Indian Affairs" in the London *Times* pays a glowing tribute to the enterprise and progress of the Parsee community. They number about 94,000 in India, and of these all but 7,000 inhabit the Bombay Presidency and the included or adjoining Native States. Nearly half of the whole number are residents in the city of Bombay, where they form 6 per cent. of the population. It is said that the community is indicating signs of physical degeneration, which, it is feared, will increase with long residence in crowded towns to which the Parsees resort more and more largely, but the writer in the *Times* is not inclined to admit this gloomy view, for it must be remembered that for 1,200 years the community has survived and maintained its vigour, with very little help from the infusion of fresh blood. The Parsees have already played a large and beneficent part in the modern development of India. The writer in the *Times* ascribes the progressive character of the Parsees to the high status of their women, and this is a matter which should be borne in mind by the other Indian communities. Speaking of the Parsee women, the writer says:—

"In nothing are the Parsis more clearly separated from the bulk of the Indian races than in the position and influence of their women. There is no seclusion behind the "purdah" for the Parsi lady, who is allowed practically as much freedom of coming and going as her European sister, and whose brilliantly-coloured, but always tasteful, dress makes a charming patch of colour even in the brightness of a cloudless atmosphere and in streets whose distinguishing characteristic is variety. Want of female education, due to popular indifference and social customs, is the reproach of India generally, but it is certainly not so with the Parsis. Nor is the influence of the Parsi lady confined, as is the case amongst Hindus and Muhamadans, to the limits of the domestic circle. The *Mail* which reports the meeting on the subject of proselytism brings also a full report of an assembly of the influential Indian ladies of Bombay, called together to discuss the arrangements for welcoming the Princess of Wales, when she visits Bombay next autumn. Though Parsi names are not the only ones in the attendance roll, they predominate, and the course of the discussion shows how capable these ladies are of dealing with matters of business and public interest. In charitable organisations the women vie with the men in the part they play, and their philanthropy is equally extended to others as well as to their own community. If the Parsis are amongst the most interesting and enterprising of Asiatic races, their claim to the distinction rests as much with their women as with their men."

Death of Mrs. Budruddin Tyabji.

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of Mrs. Tyabji, the wife of the Hon. Mr. Justice Budruddin Tyabji, which sad event took place in Bombay last month. Her loss is deeply mourned by all classes of the community, for, though a Muhamadan lady, she did much to advance the cause of the women of India, and more especially of her own community. Educated and enlightened herself, she advocated warmly the cause of the education of Indian girls, and the members of her family are among the most enlightened, even in Bombay where the Parsee community has made great advance in the education of girls. There is such a thing as women's public opinion in Bombay and Mrs. Tyabji as the leader and spokesman of the Muhamadan ladies of Bombay had no small share in bringing about this result. She took a great interest in all movements connected with the social and intellectual advancement of Indian women. As Vice-President of the Ladies' Branch of the Indian National Association, she rendered very valuable service to the cause of female education in that Presidency, and the

lectures she delivered from time to time in Urdu on the subject were much admired. The Ladies' Section at the last Industrial Exhibition in Bombay of which she was the President was a witness to her organising capacity. As many as three members of her family have been contributors to our journal. Her death is a great loss to the whole country and we take this opportunity of offering our sincerest condolences to the members of her distinguished family.

The proposed Muhamadan Ladies' Conference.

Muhamadan ladies are advancing to the front as rapidly as Hindu ladies. "There is abundant proof," says the "Koumi Hulchul," "that Muhamadan women in India, in spite of their alleged disabilities, are coming to the fore. Their number in schools and colleges is showing an appreciable increase day by day. They meet in garden parties and social gatherings. They write to magazines and newspapers and are even conducting journals for the benefit of their sex. They assist their fellow-women of other communities in promoting movements which have for their aim the amelioration of the condition of Indian women. Nay, more, we find them taking active steps to initiate such movements amongst their own community. So much of benevolent activity on their part must produce some wholesome results; and we have little doubt that if this spirit of progress is steadily kept up, the Muhamadan community will in the course of a few years become as advanced and as enlightened as any other Indian community."

Two of the signs of this advance of Muhamadan women is the Ladies' Industrial Exhibition, which is hoped to be held at Aligarh this year, and the proposed Muhamadan Ladies' Conference. There are many arguments for, and against, this proposal; but we hope that, in spite of the latter, the Conference will take place. Large-minded and clear-headed ladies, like Miss Nazar-ul-Baquar, Miss Naseer-ud-din Hyder, Mrs. Sahrawardy and Mrs. Mushtaq Husain are taking part in the discussion; and we hope that the Conference will be a great success. It is scarcely necessary to add that the schemes for both the Exhibition and the Conference reflect great credit on the energy and ability of Muhamadan ladies.

Madame Jean Delaire's Serial Story.

It is with a feeling of regret that we have come to the closing of Madame Jean Delaire's serial story, "Around a Distant Star." We have followed the story with the keenest interest, and I think our readers must have done the same. Our Indian ladies know so little about Astronomy, and Astronomy is always a fascinating subject. As Madame Jean Delaire says, we live in our narrow world, unconscious, or careless, of the wonderful secrets of the mighty worlds around us, the magnificent starry realm. It would be of great benefit to us, then, and even essential to us, that we should have our interest in the Universe around us, aroused by such stories as Madame Jean Delaire's 'Around a Distant Star.' And, apart from the plot, it has been such a pleasure to read the story, for the characters are well-drawn and interesting, and the style is dainty and clear. We thank our kind authoress very much for placing this serial story at the disposal of our Magazine. We want such ladies to be interested in the purposes of our Magazine, and we are sure the publishing of the story has been of great use in making the journal a little better known to the public.

It is with great pleasure that we announce to our readers that Madame Jean Delaire has given to the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* the right to publish a series of sketches of character—"Romances of the French Throne,"—with pictures. We welcome the series with great pleasure, and look forward with eagerness to the reading of them.

We publish here some of the opinions on "Around a Distant Star," which has now been published in book form, and we hope the Indian public will largely buy it.

Daily News.—"Jean Delaire, in 'Around a Distant Star,' has opened out a new path in fiction."

Review of Reviews.—"A truly amazing story, showing the authoress to be gifted with a Jules Vernian imagination. . . . A very well-told tale."

Hearth and Home.—"A wonderful book."

Outlook.—"An amazing story, worthy of a Jules Verne."

Court Journal.—"Must be read at first-hand, for no brief description could do justice to it."

Lloyd's.—"A story of a wonderful journey into space, embodying a daring central idea . . . . The story is a fine effort of imagination, and is written in a way that gives it an atmosphere of possibility that is very convincing. . . . It is certainly entitled to rank high among the fiction of its particular class."

Sheffield Telegraph.—"This book deserves to take a leading place among the quasi-scientific novels of the day. . . . One of the most original and fascinating books we have ever met with."

GLASGOW HERALD.—" A brilliant sketch of human life in stellar regions."

LIVERPOOL MERCURY.—" The narrative. . . is so beautifully written that it charms the reader irrespective of its daring speculations as to the possibilities of travel in interstellar space. The author certainly possesses a wonderful imagination, as well as a power of lucid description that proclaims her an artist in words of high rank. This is a volume that deserves to find many readers."

YORKSHIRE OBSERVER.—" Beyond question original. . . . Excellent, both as regards plan and style."

DUNDEE ADVERTISER.—Surprising and beautiful. . . . The story is indeed a remarkable one, and will be remembered by all who read it —a rare thing with current fiction."

LOUISVILLE JOURNAL (U.S.A.)—" Jules Verne and H. G. Wells will have to look to their laurels if Jean Delaire can keep on evolving plots as uncommon as that of her new novel, 'Around a Distant Star."

The book is to be had at MESSRS. JOHN LONG, 13 and 14, Norris Street, Haymarket, London.

What is being done for and by Indian Ladies.

A new Zenana School will shortly be opened at Hyderabad for the benefit of the children of the members of the nobility particularly. The institution will in all probability be staffed with teachers drawn from various schools in the Nizam's Dominions.

—THE LADIES' SECTION OF THE NATIONAL INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.—We are glad to learn that arrangements are being made to hold an Industrial Exhibition in connection with the coming session of the National Congress at Benares. The most interesting and successful section of the Bombay Industrial Exhibition last year was by common consent that organised by the ladies. Last year the ladies, however, had to work under many difficulties. The scheme was entirely a new and untried one and it was taken up at a very late hour so that the ladies had but very little time to work out their plan. Nevertheless it was this section which elicited the greatest admiration from the visitors. We hope this feature of the Industrial Exhibition, which was so successful at Bombay, will not be allowed to be dropped and that the organisers of the Exhibition will take timely measures to make the Ladies' Section representative of the best artistic skill of the Indian women. At the Bombay Exhibition we noticed that Bengal was very poorly represented in the Ladies' Section. This might have been due to the announcements not reaching Bengal in proper time and not being widely advertised, or to the greatness of the distance. At Benares none of these difficulties will occur, and it is expected that Bengal will be adequately represented in the Ladies' Section. We will urge upon the educated ladies of Bengal the necessity of forming an efficient committee for collecting exhibits from every part of the province. In this connection we may say that a Ladies' Gathering of the sort we had last year in Bombay is well worth trying. But that will depend mainly on the public spirit and enthusiasm of the ladies of the United Provinces.

—Two journals have been started in Sindh, especially intended for Indian ladies, *Saraswati*, in Arabic-Sindhi and *Sudhar-Patrika* in Gurmakhi, the latter of which, we are informed, is the only journal in Sind for Hindu ladies. The journals contain stories from Indian religious books and short biographies of notable women, together with hints on the management of the house, sanitation, etc. Portraits are also given of the late Hon'ble Dayaram Jethmal, of Keshub Chander Sen, the great Indian reformer, and Queen Alexandra. Each number contains a short natural history article, and in some of them are figures showing how, with the hands, to make shadows on the wall for the amusement of children. The proprietors are anxious to further the spread of female education in Sind, and draw attention to the practice, which is being introduced in Bombay and the Punjab, of well educated Indian ladies who go round and hold classes among their co-religionists or other women who have not possessed their advantages. The idea seems a good one, and we hope the Indian public in Sind will take it up. In the Hyderabad Girls' School, there are two graduates who are giving education free of charge.

—It will delight the heart of social reformers to learn that some very desirable reforms are being effected in the Bombay Presidency by the Mevada Brahmins of Virpura, a comparatively backward section of the community in Revakantha, with a view to stop the long standing evil practice of selling girls to highest bidders without the least consideration of age, status or education. The evil results of the long standing custom were beginning to be severely felt by the members of the community and already the more thoughtful amongst them had grown disgusted with the corroding custom, which they at last resolved to do away with at any cost. The task, the leaders wisely set before themselves, was not

an easy one to accomplish as they had to deal with a community mostly composed of illiterate, poverty-stricken masses tied down by custom and clinging to it for good or for evil with a tenacity, which is peculiar to specially backward classes in all communities. It was a herculean labour to induce the proverbially poor people to successfully withstand the temptation of money. But we are glad to be able to say that, at least so far as the initial stages of the upheaval task are concerned, the leaders have been highly successful. They have succeeded in holding a public meeting of the community, at which were passed certain resolutions calculated to go to the root of the evil. The resolutions condemn the immoral sale of girls in unmistakable terms and inflict on the defaulters a penalty of ex-communication from the caste for a period of ten years or even more, together with a heavy fine if necessary. These stringent caste rulings are intended to affect the entire community with all its sub-sections.

—We are glad to find that it has been preposed to start a Social Reform Association in Mysore. At an influential meeting held in the Rungacharlu Memorial Hall on the 9th ultimo a Resolution to the following effect was carried " That this meeting of the citizens of Mysore do resolve that an Association be formed for the special purpose of discussing the present day social problems and to concert measures to introduce reforms necessary for our social advancement. Dr. P. S. Atchyuta Rao, who was one of the speakers, referred to the importance of influencing women in the matter of Social Reform. He said :—" Before any reform is made possible in our domestic life, we should enable our ladies to think as we do. This is the key-stone of Social Reform. To attain this consummation we must give a healthy impetus to the spread of female education among us. I am one of those that firmly believe that the two great evils that are undermining our social fabric are the misconception of castes and the ignorance of our women. Caste is, as originally devised, a kind of trade-guild, showing the occupation of people. All occupations have a bearing on one another and there is no reason why they should be arrayed against each other. The ignorance of women is the sole cause of our social degradation. We may be ever so rational, wise and economical in what we mean to do, and unless our better-halves, sisters and mothers think as we do and co-operate with us, we become powerless for reform."

The liability of Indian *purdanishin* ladies with regard to business transactions entered into by them and on their behalf has been the subject of numerous decisions in the Indian High Courts and the Privy Council. The law as it now stands makes it incumbent on creditors to prove that the ladies, on whose behalf the documents were executed and registered, understood the full effect of the transactions and had proper advice on the matter. The latest case on the subject decided by the High Court at Allahabad arose in the district of Allahabad, where Mussammat Sharif-un-Nisa, a lady zamindar, denied that she was liable to pay the amount of a mortgage-bond said to have been executed by her agent in the transaction. This was her husband, who was summoned and examined at great length by Justices Knox and Aikman. Their decision marks a new departure in the law on the subject. While deciding that the mortgage transaction failed, they nevertheless held the lady liable to return the consideration received for the mortgage, with interest. The subordinate Judge had found that she did sign the bond, and that, out of the consideration set forth in the bond—Rs. 19,065—Rs. 11,252 did actually come into her hands. He was not, however, satisfied that the lady fully understood the nature of the transaction. He gave the plaintiff a money decree for the latter amount, dismissed the balance of the plaintiff's claim, and also dismissed the suit so far as it asked for the sale of the property. He refused to allow the plaintiff any interest on the amount decreed. The High Court agreed with the decision for the reasons given, but allowed simple interest on the amount decreed.

—A correspondent writes to the *Indian Social Reformer* :—The Saraswat Brahmans of Coorg are practical reformers. Without conferences, without platform speeches, without any reform literature—without, in fact, any fuss or noise—they have been effecting many healthy and salutary reforms. One gentleman, who is the Addhyaksha of the Mercara Sabha, has sent his unfortunate widowed daughter to St. Anne's Convent School, Mangalore, for education. Another gentleman, former Addhyaksha, is trying his best to remarry his widowed daughter and is carrying on negotiations with a young man, who is an assistant master in a Model School. The members of this worthy community have introduced the plan of Weekly Social Dinner parties. Two of them already took place—one given by Mr. K. Deva Rau, and the other by the Addhyaksha himself—and were a grand success. All joined these parties, without observing any manner of distinction between those " contaminated " by association with the England returned and " the pure ones." Many of the young ladies are taught to read and write English, Canarese, Mahratta and other languages, needle-work, drawing and vocal and instrumental music. Infant marriage is a thing of the past. The payment of the annual tax to the Mutt is steadily withheld on good ground."

News and Notes.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, who is a doctor of philosophy, as well as the author of "Rebecca," has been asked by the directors of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution to deliver a lecture on American fiction.

—The only female justice of the peace in the United States, and probably in the world, is Mrs. Agnes Garrett, who has just assumed her official duties at Garrett, Wyoming. She was born at Birmingham, England, in 1863, and proceeded to Wyoming in 1884, founding the town now named after her.

—His Highness the Maharaja of Travancore, has invited their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales to pay a visit to Travancore during their stay in South India. Though the present Emperor did not come to Travancore in 1875, his son the late Duke of Clarence visited the Travancore forests in 1891, and obtained some splendid shooting.

—The Princess of Wales is taking great interest in her prospective Indian tour. *Vanity Fair* states that Her Royal Highness is engaged in the study of those books which will place her in possession of such information as will be useful as regards the people, the antiquities, and the English residents, whether civilian or military.

—A great many of the inventions made by women refer to dress, while a good number relate to household appliances and furniture. Both in America and in England it has been observed (says a London writer) that women have shown a marked intellectual power by patenting improvements in machinery of complex character, and in America we even hear of a lady who invented an improvement for a steam engine.

—A correspondent writes from Madras to the *Arya Patrika* of Lahore :—" A widow-remarriage was, a month back, celebrated in Madras. The bride is the daughter of a Police Inspector and is a Brahmin, the bridegroom is a B. A. student of the Patchiappa's College. But I hear it was all done in private and those who worked for it were enjoined not to publish the fact broadcast in all its details and I also hear that the bridegroom's mother was not for the marriage.

—Men have no longer a monopoly in the domain of invention. In the first half of the 19th century only 35 women obtained patents in America; between 1850 and 1860 their number was only 25, but during the next decade they rose to 322 and within the ten years ending 1890 there were 1,590 women who have obtained patents, representing nearly 1 per cent. of the total returns. In England, perhaps, the figures are even more striking, as the women represent about 2 per cent. of the total applicants for patents.

—Among the artists whose work is on exhibition this spring at the salon of the Champ de Mars, Paris, is Miss Caroline Minturn Hall, a grand-daughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and daughter of Mr. David Prescott Hall and Mrs. Florence Howe Hall of Plainfield, N. J. Miss Hall shows two landscapes which are well hung, and have been favourably noticed by Parisian critics. They represent scenery on Mrs. Howe's place near Newport, R. I. The young artist was born there, at the home of her grand-parents.

—Miss Hall won the first prize for drawing at the Delecluse Academy, Paris, two years ago, and has been making such rapid progress as to surprise her friends among the artists, who warmly congratulate her on her success. This has been won only by hard work, however, for in addition to natural talent and a great love of art, Miss Hall possesses much determination and the power of close application. Among her teachers are Fritz Thanlow, the famous Norwegian artist, and Menard, Simon and Prinet, all noted French artists standing at the head of their profession.

—Miss Bennett, in her dainty little volume entitled *An English Girl in Japan*, does not give a promising account of Japanese women. The ladies she calls at once the most simple and most complicated creatures imaginable. They are like children in many respects, yet a foreigner can never understand them. All suavity up to a certain point, they defy any real intimacy. They are morbidly sensitive, and never forget. " Sometimes revenge is impossible, but I have heard of more than one case when a foreigner's official position has been lost owing to his wife's indiscretion, though he and his wife also may be entirely ignorant of the cause of his dismissal." Japanese women are slight.

—With regard to the practice of demanding heavy dowries, which has become fashionable in certain Indian communities, the *Indian Social Reformer* writes as follows :—It is obvious that parents cannot dispose of the hands of young people, whose character is formed, with the same disregard of all but monetary considerations, as those of lads and lasses who have no notion of the life-long responsibilities which marriage involves. Marriages which take place before

either or both of the parties or of an age when character is formed, must cease before any reform is possible. But age by itself is nothing. Too many of us go to our funeral pyres without any character of our own save what we have taken, chameleon-like, from the social rock on which we happen to rest for the time being. What we mean by character is the possession by the individual of certain standards of right and wrong and their habitual application to the transactions of life, not in disregard of consequences, but in the conviction that the ultimate consequences of such application are bound to prove more truly beneficial than their non-application, both to himself and to society. The raising of the marriageable age is indispensable, but something more is also necessary.

—Mr. Meredith has sent the following letter to Mr. Hugh W. Strong, managing editor of the *Cornish Leader*: 'Since I began to reflect, I have been oppressed with the injustice done to women, the constraint put upon their natural aptitudes and their faculties generally, much to the degradation of the race. I have not studied women more than I have men, but with more affection, deeper interest in their enfranchisement and development, being assured that women of the independent mind are needed for any sensible degree of progress. They should not so educate their daughters that these will not be instructed at the start to think themselves naturally inferior to men because less muscular, and need not have recourse to particular arts to make their way in the world. I have no special choice among the women of my books. Perhaps I gave more color to "Diana of the Crossways" and Clara Middleton of the "Egoist," and this on account of their position.'

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Acknowledgments for June, 1905.

		RS.	A.
1.	Mrs. M. Mahomed Azam, Kumbakonam.	4	0
2.	Mahomed Ahmad Esq., Madras ...	2	0
3.	Mrs. K. Bose, Surat...	4	0
4.	Mrs. Downie, Nellore	8	0
5.	Mrs. Kumidini Ganti, Bandara ...	4	0
6.	Raghunath Das Gupta Esq., Dhampur ...	5	0
7.	Mrs. J. F. Holcombe, America ...	8	8
8.	G. R. Hensman Esq., Colombo ...	8	0
9.	N. Isvarappa Esq., Chicacole ...	0	7
10.	Sirdar Jogendra Singhi Esq., Lakshmipur	4	0
11.	Mrs. Eliza Jacob, Raipur	4	0
12.	Mrs. M. Jordan, Mooradabad ...	4	0
13.	Mrs. Itty Joseph, Trevandrum ...	4	0
14.	D. Joshua Esq., Ceylon	4	0
15.	Miss Janaky Kutty Amma, Trevandrum	4	0
16.	Mrs. Karmarker, Belgaum, ...	4	0
17.	R. Konstubham Esq., Coconada ...	4	0
18.	Mrs. Keshori Lal Kaul, Gujerat ...	4	0
19.	Mrs. D. W. R. Kamalakar, Madras ...	4	0
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25.	S. Kishin Singh Esq., Lahore ...	4	0
26.	Mrs. J. R. Kalyanaramier, Bezwada ...	4	0
27.	Mrs. Lazarus, Madras	4	0
28.	K. Luxuman Esq., Poona	4	0
29.	Lucknow Women's College, Lucknow ...	4	0
30.	Mrs. J. Lazarus, Palghat	4	0
31.	Mrs. W. De Levera, Gampola ...	4	0
32.	Mrs. Mitter, Jullunder, City... ...	4	0
33.	Mrs. Messmore, Garhwal	8	0
34.	Mrs. K. T. Matthew, Madras ...	4	0
35.	Sreemati Rani Mrinahin, Calcutta ...	4	0
36.	Mrs. R. Mudholkar, Amraoti... ...	4	0
37.	Chowdath Govinda Menon Esq., Chitoor	4	0
38.	Miss A. L. Millard, Bombay ...	4	0
39.	Mrs. M. B. McLaurin, Coonor ...	4	0
40.	Rev. A. Margoschis, Nazareth ...	4	0
41.	T. S. Martyn Esq. Delhi	4	0
42.	S. Mitter Esq., Gauktok	4	0
43.	Mrs. P. B. Mukerjee, Benares ...	4	0
44.	Mrs. Mascarenhas, Mangalore ...	4	0
45.	R. S. Narayan Esq., Madura ...	0	7
46.	Miss A. Norup, Kotagiri	4	0
47.	Miss S. D. Netto, Quilon	4	0
48.	G. Narayanaswami Naidu Esq., Ellore...	4	0
49.	Mrs. M. Nandi, Calcutta	4	0
50.	S. C. Nazindas Esq., Ahmedabad ...	4	0
51.	Mrs. S. Nanuge, Bombay	4	0
52.	R. Narayana Iyer, Esq., Salem ...	4	0
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